

5

How to Secure the German Indemnity

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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Spring Educational Number

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EVERY MAN WHO WILL allow his reason full sway rather than his passions and emotions, every man who cares more about the restoration of Belgium and France and the other countries devastated by the Germans than he does about punishing the Germans for the devastation, must realize that the only practical way to secure the great financial indemnity demanded on behalf of the devastated countries is to set the German people to work in productive enterprise. There is, however, a real fear that if this be done the payment of the indemnity may turn out to be a boomerang injuring those who receive it more than those who pay it. This fear among the statesmen of the Allied nations is well expressed by Lloyd George in a speech made at Newcastle on Nov. 29 last, in which he said that Germany must pay the cost of the war up to the limit of her capacity, and then uttered these words: "But I must use one word of warning. We have to consider the question of Germany's capacity. Whatever happens, Germany is not to be allowed to pay her indemnity by dumping cheap goods upon us. That is the only limit in principle we are laying down. She must not be allowed to pay for her wanton damage and devastation by dumping cheap goods and wrecking our industries." In other words, the danger appears to be that if the Germans are allowed opportunity to produce and exchange, their competition will wreck the industries of other nations, causing unemployment and disaster. Already with the end of war, unemployment is becoming a serious problem everywhere. How then can the Germans be put to work without lessening the opportunities of employment for the peoples of the Allied nations?

There is one way, perhaps, of side-stepping the whole question of giving Germans employment. It can be done by excluding them altogether, or in part, from access to the natural resources of their own country and then securing the indemnity by developing those natural resources by means of Allied and American capital and labor. To be sure, we could hardly say that under such circumstances the Germans would be paying the indemnity. They would simply be deprived of the opportunity to pay it, and

the Allies therefore would have to pay it themselves, merely securing the advantage of free access to Germany's natural resources.

In addition, in so far as the Germans were deprived of access to their natural resources, their mines, their agricultural lands and so on, they would become unable to help themselves and would therefore starve or become the objects of Allied and American charity. Neither of these alternatives can be considered. On humanitarian grounds alone the first alternative is out of the question; and further, in either case, a stupendous army of occupation would be required to war upon the German people whether the object were to pauperize them or to starve them. We cannot avoid, therefore, giving employment to the German people if we desire the indemnity paid, and the larger the indemnity demanded the greater must be the opportunities afforded to German labor.

It might be thought, however, that if German labor must be employed, then at least it should not be employed for the profit of German capitalists, but should be employed directly in the service of the Allied nations; and it might be suggested, therefore, that Allied capital, or confiscated German capital, or both, should be used in the employment of Germans in Germany. But to this suggestion of directly diverting capital to the employment of Germans in Germany all the laboring men in every Allied country would protest. They will insist that, at this time of all times when employment appears to be scarce, all capital available shall be employed at home.

Another plan of securing reparation, which has actually been suggested, is that German laborers shall be forced to go into Belgium and France and there be made to repair the actual damage done, rebuilding the shattered cities and towns, repairing the damaged mines, and restoring the devastated fields. This would look like stern justice to some people, who fail to consider that the particular Germans forced into this slavery would almost surely be those least responsible for the outbreak of the war and the atrocities committed in carrying it on. Jus-

tice aside, however, it is certain that any such plan would be condemned at once by the laboring classes of the devastated regions. They would no more permit their jobs to be taken away from them in this way by Germans than they would permit the government to use convicts as strike breakers. This plan too is entirely out of the question.

It appears then that after all it will be necessary to permit the Germans to exploit their own resources by their own labor and capital; and that the more quickly and effectively they are able to produce, the more quickly will the Allies receive the indemnities demanded.

But does it follow that the Allied nations and ourselves should trade with the Germans? If it will enable the Germans to produce more quickly and effectively, it would seem that the Allies ought to allow trade with them, and we also, if we desire to help the Allies; but if, as Lloyd George seems to think, the dumping of cheap goods will wreck British industries, or our industries, then surely we ought to think twice about it. How to secure indemnity to a nation, without injuring the nation getting the indemnity, seems in truth to be a real puzzle despite the apparent absurdity of the idea at first thought. It may be that Lloyd George, in warning against the dumping of cheap goods, refers only to the practice of selling goods in a foreign country at less than the cost of production. This seems unlikely, however, since any goods cheap enough to be imported from Germany, whether sold at less than cost or not, would if imported displace similar goods in the markets of the importing country and would therefore be just as likely to wreck home industries.

What is more, it would seem that cheap goods from France or Italy or from this country would also wreck the industries of Great Britain. If, therefore, Lloyd George is to allow the importation of such goods, he is in the position of permitting the destruction of British industries out of deference to his Allies; or if, on the other hand, the danger from cheap goods is imaginary, he is then in the position of penalizing the Germans for no reason at all—with the result that they will be less able to pay the indemnity.

In fact, if the cheap goods argument is not a fake, it might be suggested that a good way for the Allies to deal with Germany would be to prevent her from exporting anything to the Allied countries and at the same time to forbid the German government to establish a tariff on Allied goods imported into Germany. In this way it might be argued that the cheap goods would go into Germany instead of out, and thus it would be the German industries that would be wrecked rather than those of the Allies.

The first objection to this suggestion is that wrecking German industries would hinder the payment of the indemnity. Second, however, and more important, the plan would not work out as above supposed because if the Germans could not export anything they would have no means of paying for the imports, and for that reason no imports would there be.

To some it would seem that the best plan would be to allow nature to take its course, or in other words to permit trade between the Germans and other peoples without governmental interference. It is certain that if this were done, trade would soon spring up not only between Germans and English, between Germans and Americans, but also even between Germans and French. Unless trading is mutually advantageous to the traders, it will not take place. On the other hand, if mutually advantageous, nothing will stop it except direct governmental interference. Perhaps the interference of government with the trade of its citizens may not always be harmful, but at all events it is certain that if the Allied governments are all going to put restrictions on German trade, the Germans will not be able to pay the indemnity as soon as they otherwise could. Unless they can import raw materials, their industries cannot prosper, and unless they can export their manufactures to pay for the imports, then they cannot obtain the raw materials. They will have to be sufficient unto themselves, using only their own raw materials which are limited in character; thus their productive powers will be stunted and the indemnity will be hard to exact. Moreover, too much economic pressure on the German people will drive them into a bloody revolution and then all hope of getting reparation for Belgium, France, Serbia, Poland, and Roumania will be gone.

The conclusion seems to be unavoidable that the Allies ought, for their own sake, to permit the Germans to exploit their own natural resources with their own labor and capital, and ought to accord them also liberal trading privileges in order to increase their productive power. The Allies might very wisely go even further, however, and in order to insure that the productive power of the Germans shall be increased to a maximum, they might dictate to them just how the revenue required to run the Government and pay the indemnity should be raised. The Allies may well insist that the method adopted be one that will stimulate productive effort, that will encourage the enterprising and industrious Germans, and will prevent the monopoly of economic opportunities.

This can best be done by making all owners of agricultural land, of mines, of water power, and of valuable urban sites pay over for the benefit of the

Allied governments as indemnity the full rental value of the exclusive privileges enjoyed through such ownership. These payments should not include rental for agricultural improvements, nor for mine shafts and machinery, nor for hydro-electric installations, nor for buildings of any kind, but only rental for the privilege of exclusive access to natural resources.

Such a plan ought to be welcome to the great mass of the German people. Sentimentally, it would make little difference to the factory hands, to the peasants, to the tenant farmers, to the employers, and to the owners of German capital if the rent which had in any case to be paid to the discredited Junker and landlord class were simply passed on to the allies to settle the indemnity. Practically, however, the plan would be of great advantage to the productive and enterprising classes since, in the first place, they would be relieved of taxation to just the extent that the Junkers had to pay; and—what is more important—access to natural resources would no longer be open to them only at exorbitant prices, or closed to them altogether. The power of the land owning class to withhold natural resources from use or to demand for their use industry-prohibiting rentals would be broken. Being obliged to pay over to the Allies the full rental values of the natural resources, whether used or unused, the land owning class would be under the imperious necessity of renting or selling to the industrious classes, or of giving them employment. No longer would it pay to own land and other natural resources merely to draw tribute from others.

The plan would redound enormously also to the advantage of the Allies. With free access to the natural resources and raw materials of industry, unemployment among the German people would largely disappear. With the German people all busily engaged in productive enterprise, the indemnity which the Allied nations desire to obtain as quickly as possible would be forthcoming in a re-

markably short time, and the fear, moreover, that Germany might become a plague spot of revolution and anarchy, or be restored to its former autocratic masters, would soon fade away.

At this point, however, the reader may protest that if this plan be carried out, the German people, freed from the shackles of monopoly, will be on the high road to becoming the most prosperous and happy people in Europe, if not in the world—and this as a reward for their guilt in bringing on the most criminal assault on civilization in all history. True, but nevertheless the Allied peoples will have got what they wanted, namely, quick payment of the indemnity to the unfortunate people of the devastated regions and at the same time a stable government in Germany, one neither aggressive nor anarchistic because of the happiness and contentment of its people.

If, finally, the question arises, how then should the Allied peoples gain an equal prosperity and contentment, the answer is plain: Let the Allied peoples, also, break the back of the monopoly of their natural resources by forcing the holders of those natural resources to pay in full for the value of their privileges, payments not to be made to any foreign governments, but to their own governments to be used for the benefit of all the people. Then the preposterous phenomenon of unemployment will disappear from among the Allied nations as well as in Germany; the laboring classes, freed from the competition of the unemployed, will secure the full value of their labor; and the great captains of industry, freed from monopolistic exactions, will be able to establish greater industries than the world has yet seen, in which the savings of the workers will be invested.

Then will the time come when a League of Free Nations will be in truth a permanent reality and the peace of the world will be definitely assured.

JOHN S. CODMAN.

The End of April

When on a blue, pale night in coming spring,
The little leaves are breathing to the stars,
The crescent moon with burning tips hangs in the tender sky;
The world enveloped by enchantment
Seems dipped in beauty.
I see the wonder and amazing mystery of it all,
Then suddenly I feel the terror,
And wish that I could die.

ALLEN TUCKER.

Peace in Its Economic Aspects

THERE ARE VARIOUS interpretations of Bolshevism, each easy, all insecure and tentative, some of them frankly conjectural. But it is safe to say that, in its beginnings at least, the Bolshevik movement was a protest against the political and economic aristocracy of feudal institutions. In this sense it was profoundly democratic in spirit, no matter how autocratic it may have become in its later methods. If, then, it is finally to align itself against the Entente Powers, it will be in the essential conviction that, so far as the East is concerned, the Western war for peace and for the safeguarding of democracy has become transformed into a war for the preservation of economic aristocracy.

Adequate understanding of the Bolshevik program requires complete abstraction from all its immediate economic fatuities and from its current excesses and cruelties. The facts become, then, so far plain in Bolshevik thinking: from a new political order there is no hope for eastern Europe. Whatever new thing may come, it will not be worse than what has been and still is. Therefore the powers that stand for economic aristocracy intend nothing that can be good in its bearing on the peasant and the artisan of the East. For them there is ultimately but one thing to gain; in the failure to gain it they lose all. Their war is against feudal institutions, primarily in their economic aspect, and only secondarily in their political aspect. For them political domination depends solely on its economic leverage. With the economic situation unchanged, nothing essential will change. Thus Bolshevism inevitably challenges the West, if the West is committed to the maintenance of the present property institutions of the East.

If, then, the victors in the war are more interested in the protection of the vested rights of a landed proprietorship, and in the privileges of wealth, than in a new democratic political order in the East so conditioned on a new economic order as to democratize the participation in wealth and opportunity, the issue is drawn, the conflict inevitable. For the purposes of this issue, the West will have declared that it wants only such political democracy as is possible within the setting of a feudal economic aristocracy—that its ultimate ideals are economic rather than political, and are economically aristocratic rather than democratic. In thus allotting to property institutions the first rank, its error will be so far greater than that of the revolutionaries. They also do not take their democracy at all too seriously. With them also economic ends are first—political democracy a subordinate or tributary interest. Such

political democracy as they intend is only as a means to a new distribution of wealth and opportunity. Such political democracy as the West will consent to is likewise to be submitted to the perpetuity of the economic order that the West holds good. But the East is probably right in its conviction that such political democracy as it cares for—if it securely cares for any—will, under eastern conditions, stand or fall with the economic democracy on which the East is wholeheartedly determined. The West appears to be in the way of demonstrating its entirely secondary interest in political democracy—to the extent even that it will deny it to other peoples, unless as conditioned on that economic organization within which its own ideals find their expression and their determining influence.

Such quite obviously must be the Bolshevik interpretation of Western policies as they seem now to be developing. World peace takes on importance chiefly in its property aspect. And more significant still, such also appears to be the essential character of the Entente policies as they are implicitly reported in the formulation of the peace terms to be imposed on Germany—the Central Powers. How far in the prosecution of the war have the interests of the common people been regarded? In the peace settlement how far are they fostered? In what degree is there basis for the Bolshevik interpretation and for the Bolshevik growing attitude of antagonism?

Germany is, no doubt, to make reparation and indemnity to the limit of what is possible. It is therefore held that the German people are to be saddled with all the debt they can carry—due allowance, however, made for the war claims already existing in favor of the investing classes of Germany against the taxpaying public. Not incredibly, indeed, these rights of German wealth may be postponed, in order of payment and of right, to the Entente claims—the total always, however, to be conformed to the debt-carrying power and the debt-paying tolerance of the German people. Otherwise there might be socialistic agitations and menace to the security of property rights. The entire discussion assumes that whatever the penalties that may be imposed, these shall be exclusively at the charge of the German taxpayer. The property rights of the privileged classes in Germany are in no wise in question or in jeopardy. Peace shall mean that all property, even Junker and Warlord property, shall be sacred. About this fixed stake all other interests are made to turn; against this bulwark all other purposes beat and shatter. As America was prompt

to conscript life for war, but up to the end preserved in the main for wealth its option between investment and complete nonparticipation, so now, when war indemnities are to be provided, the future generations of Germany shall be mortgaged, in the full solicitude that German wealth go unchallenged and unpunished. Nor shall there be any slightest reference to the guilt that has attended the wealth, or to the innocence that will attach to the life.

Thus, by assumption, the Entente peoples are to continue in the travail of their tremendous war indebtedness—France in particular staggeringly facing fiscal debacle and possible or probable future revolutions in revolt against intolerable fiscal burdens. But even for France, only such indemnities are contemplated from Germany as can be provided through bond issues for the future taxpayers of Germany to bear and meet.

From all of this the Bolshevik draws fatally easy inferences. Not only is Entente thinking more considerate of Russian wealth than of Russian life, but logically so—since it is more considerate of German wealth than of its own life or of its own institutions of political democracy. As earlier, when victory was still in doubt, it financed its war by allotting to domestic wealth mortgages against its future domestic life, so in precise parallel now, with victory achieved, it goes about to prescribe the war settlement. Not only as between German wealth and German poverty is the poverty to bear the burden, but even as between German wealth and Entente poverty it shall still be the poverty that is to pay. Not only shall your grandchildren and mine be paying war legacies of taxes to domestic bondholders, but meanwhile the German Junker shall be collecting his rent rolls, the while also that he is cutting coupons from the bonds issued to finance the war that his progenitors contrived, and mortgaged others to themselves to pay for. Why is it—if in the sacredness of all property these German bonds must be recognized—that our children's children shall not have the benefit of them to meet their tax obligations? Why are not the rent rolls left at the disposal of the children of the victims rather than of the children of the aggressors? Why perpetuate the menace of this ruthless aristocracy even at the cost of all this monstrous and hazardous injustice? Assume that innocent future generations must make their payments to some one—that in this peace of justice we shall not move to protect the victim from the criminal in Germany—that, so far as may be, and in the interests of peace, all war-wagers shall be secure in their plunder, so long as our withers remain unwrung—why must it be also true that with our own welfare at stake, our own children the sufferers, our own poverty the burden bearer,

we still enact that the German debtors shall account not to our own children, but to the children of the Junkers, the industrial captains, the banking magnates, the hereditary nobility, and the political aristocracy of Germany? Why not, in short, expropriate the wealth owners in discharge of the penalties for their crimes and in the protection of the innocent, who else must bear the penalties? Why must the future Entente generations pay in place of the German, or any German in place of the finally responsible and bountifully solvent criminals? In terms of present prices and of present income resources, the wealth of Germany alone totals upwards of 160 billions of dollars. Eighty-five per cent of the German lands are in holdings of over 15 acres.

For plainly the Entente bonds have to be discharged by some one. So much we provided for in the financing of the war. It is, however, clear enough that in terms of immediate cash payment no policy of expropriation would retire the bonds. But there is no need. The obligations do not so run. It needs merely that the German properties, the titles of proprietorship, be sold out to German small investors or to the peasants and artisans, on long-time amortization payments. True, the working people would finally discharge the debt—not, however, as taxes, but as purchase money to be advanced in the acquisition of their economic and political independence. All the hardships would rest with the guilty. The kept classes of Germany, shorn of their potencies of harm with the loss of their economic leverage, could then go to work or starve—fortunate even at this, in comparison with the victims that they plundered and massacred where they did not starve. If the guilty are excused from payment; the innocent—their wives, their daughters, their descendants in general—must pay instead. A German aristocracy living off its rent rolls and its interest collections, while the rest of the world is busy paying off war debts, is nothing short of monstrous.

It is, in fact, quite clear that a covenanted peace is of little worth if it leaves with the classes in Germany that contrived the war the will and the power to contrive another, and leaves everywhere among the masses of common people neither the will nor the ability to endure the terms of the covenanted peace. Both these errors the peace plan as it is now formulated clearly commits. It matters little whether the war was won more in the interests of peace or in the interests of democracy, if with victory once achieved the record sums up into little or nothing accomplished in the interests of peace, and a good deal less than nothing in the interests of democracy. In the long run and ultimately, peace is subject to two conditions—that nowhere shall there be an

irresponsible ruling class to plan more wars abroad and nowhere subject peoples goaded by economic exploitation into revolution at home. Economic democracy with its working correlative of political democracy provides these basic conditions. The peace that we are covenanting provides neither, no matter how ingenious and adequate may be—and, as I think, actually is—the specific detail of organization.

There are, in truth, in human affairs other and greater sanctities to be recognized than those of wealth and property. In grave emergencies it be-

falls that even the sanctity of life must make way for higher issues. Just this is what conscription rightly means. Humanity may one day revolt against wealth grown intolerable in its demands and its privileges. For my own part, I accept the social expediency of individualism and of property—holding, however, neither of them as sacred, but each as wise within the limits of its social service. To my view, then, it is surpassingly tragic if either stands at the hazard of being done to death in the house of its friends.

H. J. DAVENPORT.

University Reconstruction and the Classics

IT IS A STRANGE THING to write an apology for the Classics. One might as well write in defense of the springtime dancing gaily northward in a mad riot of birds and flowers; as well argue in defense of sunsets, a Beethoven symphony, or the colors of a New England autumn.

To attack the Classics is not so simple a thing as it would seem at first sight; it is an attack upon all literary art. The folly of those who maintain that too much time is spent in the learning of the ancient tongues, and that Greek and Latin literature can be read as advantageously in English translations, is as obvious as that of the person who tries to convince us that it is sufficient to read the score of an opera without hearing it, or to see a photograph of the Matterhorn without taking the trouble to go to Switzerland. Such an argument may be properly styled an *argumentum pigritiae*, and is like the story of the boy who said that at the school which he attended they were never taught to make the capital letter *Q*; first because it was a very difficult letter to make, and then because it didn't occur very often in English anyway. It is the flattest kind of truism to assert that in considering it as a work of art the literary form of a book is as important as the thought, but that is precisely what countless people disregard when they maintain that Homer or the Greek lyric or Plato can be read as profitably in modern English as in the language with which these authors beautified their ideas.

To enumerate all or even a fraction of the reasons which have been brought forward for studying the Classics would be but a weariness of the flesh. The ancient fetish that the study of them constitutes a good mental discipline is, by some dispensation of Providence, dying away. (I should suggest Turkish or Chinese as a better discipline for the mind.) The predatory conception that a knowledge of the Classics is the distinguishing mark of every true

gentleman is also disappearing. The materialistic champion of the ancient languages argues that a knowledge of them will help him in a medical or legal career to grasp more easily the difficult terminologies of those professions, as also the ever-increasing vocabulary of modern books and periodicals. A thorough knowledge of the grammar of modern languages is said by some to be obtainable only through acquaintance with the classical languages. All these arguments have become as wearisome as the chatter of magpies, and when we hear them we instinctively put our fingers in our ears and hasten away. Much time has been spent by classical propagandists in reiterating these arguments, thinking, forsooth, that by quantity of reasoning rather than by quality they could prove their contentions. But the interest in the Classics has become less and less as time has sped by, until only the faintest vestige of their former glory remains. The war with its strident tones has almost succeeded in drowning their timid voice; though not entirely, for immortality has been given them by the homage of countless poets of all nations and all times. May it not be that our old methods of teaching and our threadbare arguments in favor of the Classics may perish in the present holocaust, and that, like the Phoenix, a new creature may arise, vigorous and strong, from the ashes of the old? *Vivat, floreat, crescat!*

It is instructive to notice the effect of the war on the Classics in one of our large Eastern universities. The course in Freshman Latin, which ordinarily has a registration of over three hundred, this year has a total of fifteen. In the Sophomore Latin course one student is enrolled instead of the usual one hundred. The percentage of loss in the Greek department is about the same. At first it might seem as if the materialists had conquered, and that the Classics had perished; but on the other hand, it may be quite as true that the war will prove to be beneficial to the

Classics. In intellectual matters as well as in political, war not only arouses hatreds and prejudices which never existed before, but also breaks down many preexisting traditions and smooths away many an international and intellectual antipathy.

When I say that the war may be beneficial to the Classics I do not refer to those well-meaning propagandists who read papers at conventions on "Latin versus German." For the gain in numbers which would accrue to Latin from any such purely negative cause would be valueless to the Classics and—what is vastly more important—would be valueless to the student. What I do mean is that certain time-worn traditions and prejudices may be broken down. These exist both in the mind of the man on the street and in that of the teacher. The average business man, for example, thinks that the Classics are uninteresting, and that they have no relation to modern affairs. The truth of the matter is that they are uninteresting to him because he has never been shown what their relation is to modern affairs. The teacher of the Classics, who is usually a specialist in a narrowly circumscribed field, presents the works of a particular author in a way which is broad enough for him—for does he not see at each step a score of alluring problems which await solution?—but pitifully narrow from the point of view of the student who is to share in the burdens of commercial and political life. It sometimes happens that the qualities of a great scholar and a great teacher are to be found in one man; but this is rare. The scholar and the teacher differ in kind as the dynamo differs from the motor.

Now that the war is over, educational reconstruction is as important, though not so much discussed, as physical and economic reconstruction. Students returning to their books from the battlefield and the training-camp are looking upon things with a more exacting materialism; they have obtained a wider and fuller perspective of the world and of their needs in it; they have learned to conceive the world as a great army, each part helping and explaining the other, in which isolated facts and theories, those having no connection with anything else, have no place. At the present moment, then, the Classics are in unstable equilibrium. The classicist stands at the parting of the ways, one of which leads through the dry deserts of pedantry—trodden, alas, much too often in the past!—the other leading amid the ways of men who lived and loved and died without reference to the ablative absolute.

Autocracy in education must be banished as well as political autocracy; and the classicist, instead of superciliously assuming that his subject will and must be studied by gentlefolk everywhere, must de-

scend into the forum and prove that the Classics are of value to the whole world. It is pathetic to think of all the generations of men who have come with youthful eyes gleaming, eager to learn of the treasures locked in ancient books; and then to think of how they have turned away with dull eyes and wondering hearts, finding in their mouths nothing but dust instead of the promised honey.

There must be no half way measures in the classical teaching of the future; there must be no lukewarm convictions about the value of the Classics; for the youth of America does not partake of the nature of the ancient Laodiceans, and will believe a thing only when he is shown vigorously and beyond all cavil that it is so. The greater the prejudices to be broken down, the more insuperable the difficulties to be overcome, the more eagerly will the classicist apply himself to his task, if he really believes in the importance of it.

It is now high time that we turn our attention to the statement of a definite program. In so doing we must, of course, differentiate between the teaching of the Classics in secondary schools and that in universities. In the secondary schools the main object must always be the mastery of the formal and syntactical elements of the language, without which no advanced work in the literature would ever be possible; but inasmuch as this discussion has to do with university problems it is permissible to pass over those which have to do with elementary instruction. For university teaching two precepts may be stated which should be observed in teaching the Classics—the one being self-evident, as it applies to the teaching of any literature, and the other being implied by what has already been said in this discussion. The first of these precepts is: So teach that you will reveal to the student the maximum amount of beauty—beauty of thought, and expression, and structure. And the second is equally important: So teach that you will reveal the significance of a given work in the history of thought, that there may be no disconnected fragments of learning seething about in the student's mind. For in education, as in other fields of endeavor, *union fait la force*, and isolated bits of information are as worthless for the molding and guiding of a man as the asteroids would be for his habitation.

It is this second precept which I wish to make the basis of the constructive part of this discussion, a discussion largely encyclopedic in nature, but based on empirical fact—my own experience.

A certain professor of music in a New England college once said that, although he enjoyed reading the Classics and considered the time he had devoted to them as well spent, he had never been able to dis-

cover any rational argument in favor of studying them, any convincing proof which he could use in defense of them against the attacks of the ever-present Philistine. An analogy finally occurred to him from his own profession. It was this: just as Bach is the basis of modern music, and in just the same way that a knowledge of Bach is necessary for the musician if he wishes to understand modern music thoroughly, so are the Classics the basis of all European literature.

The insistence on considering a work of art in its historical setting is tantamount to saying that that work of art should be considered simply as one stage in the development of a type, and obviously one must have some conception of the type as a whole in order to appreciate the importance and meaning of each particular stage in that development. Let us take as an example an actual university course, containing works of various authors, each representative of a different literary type: the *Odyssey*, the Greek lyric, Plato's *Apology*, and Lucian's *True History*. First let us consider the epic. Passing over all controversial definitions, all will agree, I think, that this is one of the earliest forms of literary expression, at least one of the earliest forms that was written down and thus acquired a certain degree of permanence. It is possible to find examples of the primitive epic in the early stages of most of the European languages. *Beowulf* and the *Nibelungenlied*, the *Cid* and the *Chanson de Roland* are full of tales of personal prowess which are only more modern versions of the combats of Diomedes and Achilles. The Finnish epic, the *Kalevala*, is more primitive than any of these, containing the myth of creation as well as the exploits of a great hero. Later in the development of a nation's literature come epics which are less vigorous in spirit and more formal in structure and diction. Of these scores could be named: the *Argonautica* of Apollonius Rhodius, Lucan's *Pharsalia*, the Italian epic of chivalry, such as those of Tasso and Ariosto, and we might include here Spenser's *Faery Queen*, the historical epic such as Voltaire's *Henriade* and Camoens' *Lusiads*, and the religious epic represented by Klopstock's *Messiah*. Midway between the primitive epic, hewn out of living rock, and the more modern, at times decadent, epic, there is a type which combines the vigor of the primitives with the felicity of expression of the moderns. Such are the *Aeneid*, the *De Rerum Natura*, *Paradise Lost*, and the *Divine Comedy*. Such a broad view of many peoples and many lands, the variety of ideas and yet the astonishing similarity of ideals and unity of purpose observed in many books of widely separated countries and ages deserves much more to be called a liberal education than the ordi-

nary parsing of verb and noun, or the fixing of the attention upon a single isolated work without reference to any others of the same type.

The obvious objection to such a program is that lack of time would forbid it. Of course it would be impossible for each member of a class to read all of these books, but it is perfectly possible for each one to read a different book and report on its contents. In this way a synoptic conception of the whole matter is gained. Furthermore an interest in reading is aroused in this way such as would scarcely come about in any other, for the integration of the separate parts, the focusing of the attention upon a single fact from varying angles, holds the interest of the student as no disconnected reading ever could.

In like manner the lyric may be studied comparatively. It is interesting, for example, to trace the development of one type, namely the elegy, from its Greek origin where it was distinguished by its couplets of alternately long and short verses, and was used for themes of love, war, and moral admonition, into its later Greek use, where it expressed sorrow at the death of the beloved one, then into its Latin environment, where it was still distinguished by the same form but was used merely for themes of love. In English the elegy is not confined to any rigid form of versification but in content follows the late Greek elegy as its model. This we see in such poems as Milton's *Lycidas*, Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis*, Swinburne's *Ave atque Vale*, Spenser's *Astrophel*, and Shelley's *Adonais*.

Plato's *Apology* requires consideration from two different points of view. First of all one should study Socrates' significance in the history of philosophy, his changing of the center of gravity from purely cosmological questions external to man to ethical and social questions concerning man as an individual and in groups. To do this a knowledge of the pre-Socratic philosophers and their principal doctrines is essential. Secondly, one may study the *Apology* as a type of biographical literature of a very distinct kind. In the *Apology* we have an account of a real human being, who lived unselfishly, who spent his days and nights teaching his followers to lead a rational life and therefore, according to his doctrines, an upright life. From the people as a whole he received nothing but jeers and curses and finally, due to a combination of a sense of humor and a sense of justice, he chose to die rather than give up his teaching. Here we have the portrayal of the best man that the Greeks ever knew—and it differs from their portrayal of that other great unselfish figure in Greek literature, Prometheus, in that the latter was a hero of the far-distant past and consequently was credited with cer-

tain divine or at least superhuman characteristics, whereas Socrates was portrayed by his own disciple, with a certain amount of idealism, no doubt, yet free from all the trappings of divinity. How illuminating it is to compare this life with the life of Jesus as given in Luke's gospel! In these two examples we have summed up one of the fundamental differences between the Greek and the Christian conceptions of life. The *Apology* represents a man who, by the exercise of his intellect, was raised far above his fellow men. The gospel shows us a man who, by some mystical connection with God, became something more than man. The one is a glorification of the intellect; the other a glorification of the spirit.

Lucian's *True History* is representative of a type which has been popular in all ages—the romantic adventure. The literary progenitor of the type is Homer, particularly in that part of the *Odyssey* in which Odysseus is represented as descending to the underworld. This type is of a two-fold nature: the one aims to delight through the sheer incredibility of the tale, the other uses the narrative merely as an instrument of satire. To the first division belongs that part of the *Odyssey* already mentioned, as well as many of the Greek romances of the Alexandrian and Byzantine periods. Here also belong a large number of medieval French romances and the modern scientific extravaganzas of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. To the second and much more important division, the satirical, belong a host of works which have been of the utmost importance in the history of literature. Here one must place Lucian's *True History* and the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius; here also Rabelais' *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*. *Don Quixote*, which strove by satire to put an end to the romances of chivalry, finds a place in this group, as also *Gulliver's Travels*. Voltaire's *Candide*, which held up to ridicule the optimism of Leibnitz, and Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited*, with their ridicule of Mrs. Grundy and the Church of England, must both be included in this type. By the very nature of comedy, which consists partly in hyperbole, and by the very nature of satire, which strives to destroy a thing by making it ridiculous, the romantic adventure has been frequently employed as an instrument of reform.

To the reader whose interests are primarily esthetic and who believes that the value of literature consists in its intrinsic beauty, irrespective of the time and place in which it was created, this historical treatment may seem entirely beside the point. But the esthetic's point of view does not seem to coincide with the actual facts of experience. The knowledge of the history of a work of art illuminates it and makes it more beautiful and more precious to the individual,

just as with one's friends or with one's native country, a knowledge of its history, of its struggles toward perfection, of its successes and failures, makes it all the richer and more full of meaning. The appreciation of art is, of course, subjective, as one will readily admit if one consider the difference in effect of some supremely beautiful thing on a Francis Thompson and on a Fiji Islander. If this is so it is obvious that the wider and deeper the experience of a man—and what is reading but a short-cut to experience?—the greater will be his appreciation of a given work of art. The historical or comparative method, then, not only is of value in itself but it reacts upon and increases the esthetic enjoyment, which, after all, is the main thing in art.

Although much space has been devoted in this discussion to a theoretical treatment of the reasons for approaching the study of the Classics from a historical or comparative point of view, we must not let matters rest on a theoretical basis alone. Theories in teaching just as in any other art must stand or fall by their effectiveness in actual practice. Teachers far too often have recourse to the mock logic of baffled parents: if you do not see now why you should do this, my child, do it because I ask you to, and when you have grown to be a man you will see that I am right. This is shifting the responsibility to the future instead of proving to the student that the Classics are worth while studying *now*. The teacher must respect the mind of the student if he will have the student respect the Classics. It is not necessary to "descend" to the intellectual level of the university student, and if the teacher does this the student will have no incentive to ascend to the level of the teacher. The teacher must take the student into his confidence and fulfill in the present all the promises whose fulfillment has customarily been reserved for the future. Teaching of the Classics, as here advocated, has aroused a more vigorous interest not only in the Classics but in all literature. The conclusions here stated are the result of my own teaching, proved in the class-room, the only laboratory which the teacher of literature has at his command.

University reconstruction must be directed toward the reconstructing and reconciling of the nations, and this can most thoroughly and most speedily be brought about by realizing the essential oneness of the human race. The teaching of the Classics in the method here described is one approach to this end, for it shows the similarity of the aims and strivings of all peoples. Is not this the great function of teaching—that it should give a broader and deeper, and consequently more liberal view of the world in which we live?

ROYAL CASE NEMIAH.

A Second Imaginary Conversation

GOSSE AND MOORE

III

MOORE. With Trollope I can shake hands more cordially than with Scott, for it was not he who turned literature into a trade; and in view of your pronouncement that every man writes as well as he can, I will ask you if it would not be hard to discern a line more adapted to the abilities Trollope brought into the world than the line these same abilities discovered for themselves. He rose at six, and followed the road that leads to the parsonage until it was time to go to the post office. The Bishop, the parson, and the Squire appear in suitable parts; the young girl and the lover are supplied with admirable consciences and chaperons; and between whiles there are pages, sometimes chapters, devoted to the subjects most likely to interest his readers—sport, farming, the housing of the poor, and the condition of the junior clergy written about in a way that all may read without any disturbance of their preconceived opinions. In Barchester Towers his admiration for nice conduct exceeds Thackeray's, whose style he is supposed to have continued. The Widow Bold is perchance kissed at a party by a man she is not in love with—an unfortunate accident no doubt, but one that hardly warrants the solo and tears which he deems it necessary to measure out to her, and the soul searchings that rack her: did she by look or word encourage the horrid creature "to suspect that I cared for him? No, I certainly did not." In the fifties tears were more common than they are today. But it may be doubted whether even in the fifties the young ladies looked upon parties in which kisses were never exchanged as altogether successful. Tears are sometimes in fashion and sometimes out of fashion, but kisses, so the proverb tells us, are always in fashion, like the gorse flower.

GOSSE. He drones like an old lady to her niece after tea.

MOORE. It is not difficult, it is impossible, to write for the parsonage in good prose. A good writer adventures himself into windy Pontic seas, and the dangerous straits of Abydos, where the oyster is reared.

GOSSE. I did not know you as a Vergilian.

MOORE. Héloïse led me to Vergil—I am writing Héloïse and Abelard—but we must abide with Trollope . . . for the moment. Out of date Suranne . . . The wake of the vessel has not yet disappeared into the gray expanse of water, and we catch sight still of those coasts whence we

have come, crinolines, blue chamber ware, pink decanters, rep curtains, blue fingerbowls. These things Trollope represents, and is endeared to us thereby.

GOSSE. If his fame rests only upon these things . . .

MOORE. His fame rests on a much more solid foundation. Trollope, in spite of his name, and his temperament which was in strict accordance with his name, was a great revolutionary.

GOSSE. Your paradox puts me in mind of a line of Hugo's: "Des revolutions dans les écailles d'huîtres."

MOORE. I would not have you speak disrespectfully of Trollope, to whom we owe our freedom. We always count upon a reaction, and Trollope carried commonplace further than anyone dreamed it could be carried. And it was when Nature seemed to have been expelled definitely from art, that Nature began to return to art. You have wandered over many seashores with your father the naturalist, and you can remember the drift and litter of seaweed with here and there a dying starfish and many other derelicts of the sea that you could enumerate. You can therefore appreciate the comparison: Nature had retired like the sea; only the faintest blue line remained on the horizon; in—I think the year was '48—in '48 three men met one night in a studio in a street off Oxford Street, Berners Street, or Newman Street—John Everett Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti, to preach and to instigate the necessity of a return to Nature, and the following year the tide was then breaking over the evil-smelling pools.

GOSSE. There's generally something in what you say, and it may well be that the return to Nature which began in '48 was brought about by the stifling atmosphere of Victorian conventions. Millais illustrated some of Trollope's books.

MOORE. The drawings he contributed to *Orley Farm* are the very best spirit of sense, and in his best Pre-Raphaelite manner, and persuade us almost that we have read the book.

GOSSE. You overestimate their power. Beautiful as they are they cannot persuade me to bear with the listless amble of that prose.

MOORE. An amble listless as that of Stevenson's *Modestine*, that no sapling cut from the hedge could urge into a trot—an exasperating walk that tends to fall into a crawl, and that you fear will end in a nap by the roadside.

GOSSE. It would be interesting to know if the book *Orley Farm* dropped on Millais' knees, and if, looking through the studio he said to himself, "My drawings are the condemnation of the text."

MOORE. He was too eagerly concerned with his own work to give a thought to the merits or demerits of *Orley Farm*, and acquiesced in the belief that novels were like that, and probably regretted that he could not illustrate without reading. Painters are excellent judges of literature.

GOSSE. He must have thought it strange. . . .

MOORE. Thought what strange? Continue to put questions to me for every one helps to clear my mind.

GOSSE. But Wordsworth broke the conventions before the painter.

MOORE. It was the turn of the painters to do something for art, and by Jove, they did it. Morality was always less suspicious of painting than of literature. The naked woman banished from the one art was welcome in the other, and you must not forget that the novelist in the fifties wrote almost at the dictation of the circulating library. His works were published at 3/6 and distributed and collected by a service of carts. If the librarian did not think that his book made agreeable drawing-room entertainment it never was heard of again. The librarian was an autocrat, and no one dared to be original, even if he could.

GOSSE. Do you think that this censorship has prevented the addition of a prose epic to our literature?

MOORE. A prose epic implies the existence of a man of genius, and genius, I suppose, cannot be censored. It will find a way out, so it is said, though all the doors and windows are barred—up the chimney, through the keyhole. And if that be true, a first-rate genius did not exist in the fifties.

GOSSE. You will perhaps agree with me that the Russians have on the whole produced the best story-tellers—Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Gorki, are all story-tellers, Tchekhoff too.

MOORE. Yes, indeed. The instinct of story-telling is in the Russians more than in any other race—more than in the French, who have only had Balzac on the big canvas, and Maupassant on the ivory tablet. Story-tellers differ so widely among themselves that it is impossible to define the gift, but it is always recognizable. We perceive it in Tchekhoff and miss it in Trollope. I will try to assimilate and compose our conversations into the form of an essay, stopping at Trollope, for it would be useless and perhaps unkind of me to continue my search for a story-teller among my contemporaries, but of the dead we may speak as plainly as we please. You have no idea how you have helped me, Gosse. You

have done me a service that I shall always remember.

GOSSE. One moment. You have forgotten Pater.

MOORE. Whose *Marius*, the Epicurean is the only English narrative that men of letters will turn to in the years that lie ahead of us.

GOSSE. He applied himself to the art of writing. . . .

MOORE. He wrote the only prose that I never weary of; but it was not of the beauty of his prose that I was about to speak, but of something which is perhaps as important. He wrote more about humanity than character. You remember the chapter entitled *White Nights*. He allowed *Marius* to pass before us almost without distinguishing trait as a typical young man of all time; and as a foil to the almost abstract *Marius*, he set *Flavian*, whom the casual reader prefers, for character rather than humanity—this was Pater's intention in his portrait of *Marius*' friend. You have set me thinking again, Gosse. English literature is not without a late-letter. If we look across the Atlantic we find one, and a marvelous one, Poe.

GOSSE. It is indeed a surprise to me to hear that you admire a writer so essentially unhealthy as Poe, one so concerned with the very hypertrophy of emotion. The very names of his characters seem to lead you out of the world of humanity—one is at once in a region of ghosts: *Ligeia*, *Morella*, *Berenice*, *Eleonora*.

MOORE. I have sufficient faith in antiquity to believe it would have understood that all the poetry of life is in the fact that it is always passing from us. I will go further and ask you if it is possible for poet or peasant to love a woman in life's daily usage as he does in remembrance, and if this be so why should they blame Poe for setting forth so representative of human life many beautiful symbols bearing women's names? Not content with the surface of life like Trollope, Poe sought a finer distillation.

GOSSE. Do you not think we should be drawn to art to praise life?

MOORE. I would avoid dogmatism, and the mere revival of the theologian's formula seems too simple an expedient.

GOSSE. What would you put in place of it?

MOORE. The artist is without dogma, or if you like to put it differently, he is his own dogma; and to tell the story that life brought to him. . . .

GOSSE. Leaving out all philosophy?

MOORE. A philosophy is implicit in every well told story.

GOSSE. What philosophy would you extract from the *Iliad*?

MOORE. That beauty is worth our pursuit.

GOSSE. Stevenson!

MOORE. Stevenson is a butterfly content to enjoy the warmth of the sun and follow the scent of the flowers, and his enjoyment of these is so delightful that we join in the chase, children once again, led by a child; and after a long day in the open air we return to relive our adventures in drowsy dreams.

GOSSE. As you yourself pointed out in *A Storyteller's Holiday* Stevenson dropped into superficial thinking when he said that Catholics remained always Catholics and Protestants always Protestants. He should have looked upon Catholicism and Protestantism as eternal attitudes of the human mind.

MOORE. Indeed I think he should.

GOSSE. In the pages that do not meet with your approval . . .

MOORE. In the pages that I ventured to consider, to measure, and to weigh . . .

GOSSE. There is a good deal that you must have recognized as true: the pleasure, for instance, that Stevenson felt on finding himself once again in a Protestant atmosphere could not have been told at all by Poe, who was not so great a master of words as Stevenson.

MOORE. A very inadmissible statement, Gosse, for how else but by the beauty of the words can you explain Poe's poetry—and that he wrote better poetry than Stevenson will be conceded by all men of letters, and if you fail to nod your head approvingly I'll write to Sir Sidney Colvin who, though bewitched by his edition of Stevenson's correspondence as he undoubtedly is, will not deny . . .

GOSSE. So you look upon Poe as a master of words, and his English as equal to Baudelaire's French.

MOORE. You must have forgotten the beautiful opening of Baudelaire's introduction; let me recall it to your memory. Is there a devil Providence that bends over the cradles to choose its victims, and with malice prepense throws the purest spirits into hostile regions like martyrs into the arenas; are there then souls dedicated to the altar who walk to death and glory through their ruined lives? Baudelaire asks this question, for in view of Poe's life and his own he is minded to believe in this devil Providence. To know the lives of these two men is to share their mutual conviction that they were victims of such a Providence, Poe even more than Baudelaire, for to this very day the ill luck that presided at his birth has not ceased—it is implicit in your question: Is Poe's English equal to Baudelaire's French? The gift of the good fairy—the beautifullest translation, she said, that a man ever had shall be thine—was overheard by the bad fairy who returned down the chimney and said, I cannot take away the gift that the good fairy has given thee, but it shall be said commonly that thou canst only be read in trans-

lation. "Ma fiancée et ma compagne d'étude et enfin l'épouse de mon cœur" seems commonplace and trite when compared with "my friend and my betrothed, who became the partner of my studies and finally the wife of my bosom," and we are conscious of a drop when we read, "Si jamais la pâle Ashtophet de l'idolâtre Egypte aux ailes ténébreuses," and remember the beautiful English "The wan and misty winged Ashtophet of idolatrous Egypt." And so on, through the beautiful pages of *Ligeia*, we can detect a delicate rise and fall, the original and the translation having the upper hand in turns.

GOSSE. As is usual, a good deal of what you say is true, and I am with you so far that it cannot be seriously maintained that a translation that follows the original, comma by comma, full stop by full stop, can be said to possess great beauties of style that are not discoverable in the original. All the same, I think something happened in the translation; but you will allow that a less favorable example of Poe's style might have been selected? In the story of William Wilson Poe tells how the struggle between good and evil continues in the same individual till the evil overpowers the good.

MOORE. And he tells his story without the help of magic potions.

GOSSE. You have Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in your mind.

MOORE. Stevenson's story is no more than a popular version of Poe's, and I have always thought Poe is himself implicit in the story of William Wilson. Poe was a poet and a man of science, and although the poet was the stronger of the two, the man of science makes himself felt in the prose.

GOSSE. Baudelaire's service was to attenuate the diagrams.

MOORE. There are diagrams in Poe's prose sometimes, and festoons and astragals in Stevenson's always.

GOSSE. As a writer you place Hawthorne higher than Poe.

MOORE. A young man cannot overlook Poe, but he can Hawthorne—Hawthorne's genius not being so evident as Poe's—but if our young man be worthy of our consideration he will return to Hawthorne in later life, and without losing any of his admiration for Poe. One does not exclude the other, our estheticism should be wide enough to include Michael Angelo and Phidias. When I enter The House of the Seven Gables I walk about admiring the absence of accent.

GOSSE. Is it not one of your little perversities to consider Hepzibah Pyncheon as Greek sculpture rather than Gothic?

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MOORE. As for Gothic and Greek, a truce to the discussion regarding their characteristics, for have I not seen little medieval virgins from Rhenish towns as ungainly as Greek maidens, and though there is nothing in Greek art as ungainly as Hepzibah, there is nothing that I can remember at this moment as modest in Gothic. But it matters nothing to me whether you call her Greek or Gothic if you admire her; and as the two styles mingle in her I would that our twain admiration of her should turn to one this summer afternoon.

GOSSE. Your talk of her the last time you were here caused Sylvia to take the book from the shelves. It is on the table by you.

MOORE. I should like to read to you the description of the old maid and her agony of mind . . .

GOSSE. The morning that she descends the old timbered stairs to open the shop for the first time. It is many years since I read it and it will come upon me quite fresh.

The old maid was alone in the old house. Alone, except for a certain respectable and orderly young man, an artist in the daguerreotype line, who, for about three months back, had been a lodger in a remote gable,—quite a house by itself, indeed,—with locks, bolts, and oaken bars on all the intervening doors. Inaudible, consequently, were poor Miss Hepzibah's gusty sighs. Inaudible, the creaking joints of her stiffened knees, as she knelt down by the bedside. And inaudible too, by mortal ear, but heard with all-comprehending love and pity in the farthest heaven, that almost agony of prayer—now whispered, now a groan, now a struggling silence—wherewith she besought the divine assistance through the day! Evidently this is to be a day of more than ordinary trial to Miss Hepzibah, who for above a quarter of a century gone by, has dwelt in strict seclusion, taking no part in the business of life, and just as little in its intercourse and pleasures. Not with such fervor prays the torpid recluse, looking forward to the cold, sunless, stagnant calm of a day that is to be like innumerable yesterdays!

The maiden lady's devotions are concluded. Will she now issue forth over the threshold of our story? Not yet, by many moments. First, every drawer in the tall, old-fashioned-bureau is to be opened, with difficulty and with a suggestion of spasmodic jerks; then, all must close again, with the same fidgety reluctance. There is a rustling of stiff silks; a tread of backward and forward footsteps, to and fro across the chamber. We suspect Miss Hepzibah, moreover, of taking a step upward into a chair, in order to give heedful regard to her appearance on all sides, and at full length, in the oval, dingy-framed toilet glass, that hangs above her table. Truly! well, indeed! Who would have thought it! Is all this precious time to be lavished on the matutinal repair and beautifying of an elderly person, who never goes abroad, whom nobody ever visits, and from whom, when she shall have done her utmost, it were the best charity to turn one's eyes another way?

Now she is almost ready. Let us pardon her one other pause; for it is given to the sole sentiment, or, we might better say, heightened and rendered intense, as it has been, by sorrow and seclusion—to the strong passion of her life. We heard the turning of a key in a small lock; she has opened a secret drawer of an escritoire, and is probably looking at a certain miniature, one in Malbone's most perfect style, and representing a face worthy

of no less delicate a pencil. It was once our good fortune to see this picture. It is a likeness of a young man, in a silken dressing-gown of an old fashion, the soft richness of which is well adapted to the countenance of reverie, with its full, tender lips, and beautiful eyes, that seem to indicate not so much capacity of thought, as gentle and voluptuous emotion. Of the possessor of such features we shall have a right to ask nothing, except that he would take the rude world easily, and make himself happy in it. Can it have been an early lover of Miss Hepzibah? No; she never had a lover—poor thing, how could she?—nor ever knew, by her own experience, what love technically means. And yet, her undying faith and trust, her fresh remembrance and continual devotedness towards the original of that miniature, have been the only substance for her heart to feed upon.

She seems to have put aside the miniature, and is standing again before the toilet-glass. There are tears to be wiped off. A few more footsteps to and fro; and here, at last—with another pitiful sigh, like a gust of chill, damp wind out of a long closed vault, the door of which has been accidentally set ajar—here comes Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon! Forth she steps into the dusky, time-darkened passage; a tall figure, clad in black silk, with a long and shrunken waist, feeling her way towards the stairs like a near-sighted person, as in truth she is.

MOORE. How restrained and how full of seriousness and dignity, a portrait that Balzac would read twice over, recognizing in it a vision as intense as his own and better balanced, and Turgenev would have recognized in Hawthorne's portrait genius akin to his own.

GOSSE. It is a pleasure to listen to prose like that.

MOORE. And it is a pleasure to me to hear you express approval as I read to you on a balcony on a summer afternoon. You do think with me that no writer of English prose narrative has written like that before?

GOSSE. I would agree with you with more alacrity if I were sure that my acquiescence would not provoke you to some unpleasant gibes. There is still George Eliot to be considered. And I would willingly dispute the truth of some of the evil things that have been said about her if I were not altogether and utterly overcome by the graceful proportions and the temperate dignity of Hawthorne's portraiture. And we are conscious of his beautiful mind as we are of the sun behind yon cloud, illuminating it, filling it with poetry, of a beautiful summer afternoon. Hawthorne was the first to understand the Pre-Raphaelites, and none has explained their art better than he. He wrote out of a well cultivated intelligence, and he recalls Pater inasmuch as his desire, like Pater's, was to make each separate sentence a work of art in itself. Nor are his gifts of vision and comprehension of human life exhausted in his portrait of Hepzibah; it breaks my heart that I cannot quote Clifford's portrait, for as it seems to me it stands on as high a level, in some ways on a higher level than anything accomplished by Balzac or Turgenev, and to

compare it with the work of any English novelist would be as absurd as to draw a comparison between Rembrandt and Frank Hall, but it would take half an hour to read it aloud, and I will accept your promise that you read these pages when I leave you, in lieu of your attention. I turn down the leaf at the place. I must exact a promise from you that you read Phoebe too. A portrait of a young girl in her teens can never be carried further than a sketch, she being herself no more than a sketch. But was there ever a more beautiful sketch, one more instinctive with awakening life? The book drops on our knees and we ask ourselves what her womanhood will bring forth in fateful happiness or blunder. It seems to have been part of Hawthorne's problem to stir the reader to musings of this sort, and very admirably he does, with Phoebe's voice rising and falling to the pathetic tinkle of a harpsichord, pathetic always to our ears from its very inadequacy of sound—and doubly pathetic are the tones of Hepzibah's harpsichord, in this old timbered house.

He, Clifford, would sit quietly, with a gentle pleasure gleaming over his face, brighter now, and now a little dimmer, as the song happened to float near him, or was more remotely heard. It pleased him best, however, when she sat on a low footstool, at his knee.

GOSSE. Then we have come upon the narrative we are in search of . . .

MOORE. The harmony is not less expressive than the souls that fulfill it, and not less when we meet them in the torn uncouth garden, encroached upon by the back yards of some near streets, and the speckled fowls, and the patriarchal cock that scuttles away from approaching footsteps, creeping through broken box hedges, than they were in the falling house; and in keeping too are the words that Phoebe speaks to the daguerreotypist in the garden, revealing her pretty soul and to its very depths. The daguerreotypist, Holgrave, is the lodger; he was there from the beginning before the arrival of Phoebe and Clifford, and he too might have been . . .

GOSSE. So we have come to the might have been.

MOORE. You seem relieved by the prospect that our search may end in failure, thinking perhaps that it would not be in keeping to come upon perfect art in a world that has outlived beauty. Holgrave is of the unfortunate class in story-books—the class that the author cannot keep himself from intellectualizing; Holgrave has been heavily intellectualized, and when he has finished his disputations with Phoebe the reader is informed that he had visited Europe and found means before his return

to visit Italy and part of France and Germany too. At a later period he had even spent some months in a community of Fourierists, and still more recently he had been a public lecturer or mesmerist, for which science he had very remarkable endowments; and a few pages later we learn—this time without surprise—that he is a frequent contributor to the magazines, and that he has an article in his pocket into which he has put an incident of the Pyncheon family. He would like to read it to her, and henceforth the truth, if it must be spoken, is that the story evaporates in the literary prejudices and conventions for which Scott and his ilk are responsible.

It is all very sad, and how this came about I am afraid will never be thoroughly explained. To whom are we to assign Judge Pyncheon, who is stricken suddenly in death while sitting in an arm-chair facing the portrait of the original Pyncheon, the witch burner? Nor is this all—behind the portrait is the document he has long been in search of, for the discovery of it would put him into possession of the larger part of the state of Ohio. To whom are we to assign this plot? The claimants are so numerous that I think we had better assign it to the English literary tradition of what a novel should be, and we should rather wonder that Hawthorne succeeded in writing beautiful openings rather than that he failed to write perfect works.

GOSSE. I am glad that you think that the age a man lives in influences his art as much as his individual talent.

MOORE. I remember that you say somewhere that had Tennyson been born in 1550 he would have possessed the same personality, but his poetry, had he written verse, would have had scarcely a remote resemblance to what we have now received from his hand; and you go on to say that we are in the habit of describing a man's originality as merely an aggregation of elements which he received by inheritance. If this be so it follows that the congenital commonplace of the English novelist is also an aggregation of elements that he receives by inheritance. We need not seek further for the extraordinary lack of art in English prose narrative. Our heredity is bad.

GOSSE. There is no escape from that conclusion, unless we accept the alternatives that the perfect molding of a story is alien to the genius of the race.

MOORE. A somewhat cruel conclusion, one that I shrink from accepting, but it would be vain to pretend that it is not supported by facts—and one of the most significant is Hawthorne, who failed to carry a story through. The *Blythedale Romance* opened on a prospect of story that I read

tremulous with fear lest Hawthorne's strength should fail him as it had done in the conclusion of his *House of the Seven Gables*. The story rose higher, beautiful it seemed to me as a bird on wing; and I said, on the two hundredth page, we are in Eldorado safe, for he will not commit so potent a mistake as to allow him who joins the community to return to New York or Boston till the end of the story. And asking myself if his art were sufficient to continue the story in the community, I looked to see how many more pages there were to read. About two hundred, I said. It was in the middle of *The House of the Seven Gables* that he broke down. The strain became greater at every page, and after the splendid scene between the two men he could not do else but leave—there was no other issue. But so great is an artist's desire of the masterpiece that I continued to hope the impossible might happen; by some miracle of genius, I

said, he may be saved, and so vivid was his telling of the disquiet and sense of spiritual loneliness that comes over us on our return to the multitudes that it began to seem as if he had hit upon a way out of the difficulty. My hopes were at pitch and I waited, almost breathless, for the loosening of the clutch. Alas! he walked to the window, and on looking across a courtyard saw against the lighted panes forms that he could not doubt were Zenobia's—I have forgotten the other woman's name. They, too, had come up to town. After that the book drifted out somehow as inconsequently as *The House of the Seven Gables*.

GOSSE. Have you read *The Scarlet Letter*?

MOORE. No; and it isn't probable that I ever shall.

Here ends the second conversation.

GEORGE MOORE.

Cobden *The Internationalist*

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY showed its trust in history by the fact that the monuments which it erected to what it recognized as greatness took historic form. Instead of confiding immortality to marble and bronze or poetry the Victorians erected the great structures of interpretation and documents known as *Lives and Times*, or *Lives and Letters*. Lockhart's Scott, Masson's Milton, Moore's Byron, Froude's Carlyle, Forster's Dickens, were followed by Purcell's Manning, Liddon's Pusey, Morley's Cobden and Gladstone, and with Moneypenny's Disraeli and Gosse's Swinburne the fashion goes on. As the death of a rich man provokes the immediate question to whom does he leave his wealth, so that of a famous one moves men to ask to whom does he confide his reputation. The documented biography became a definite form of literary art and craftsmanship which the nineteenth century made peculiarly its own. Some of its subjects live for us the more splendidly because of the monumental skill of their biographers, while others have suffered through a frankness or a clumsiness which has sometimes seemed a betrayal.

Of the great mortuary artists of the Victorian School John Morley may be accounted the chief. His Cobden in 1881 was a high achievement, and his Gladstone twenty years later established his rank. The completeness and justice of these works would seem to leave little scope for his successors, and one approaches the new life of Richard Cobden by J. A. Hobson (Holt) with the feeling that it can be little more than a replica, a figurine or portrait

bust for the library, reproducing the outlines of the heroic statue which Morley erected for the cathedral or public square. Even so we might be grateful, for the highways of the world no longer lead past the memorial places where the last century honored its dead. In fact, however, Mr. Hobson's life is more than this. By shifting the emphasis from Cobden's early and best known activities in connection with the repeal of the Corn Laws to his later application of his principle of free trade to foreign affairs during the period from the opening of the Crimean to the close of the American Civil War, Mr. Hobson has given us a new view of his subject, with a modern attitude and expression, and above all has placed his figure where the world cannot fail to pass and see. The timeliness of the book is astonishing. It is as if the spirit of Cobden had returned to take his place beside Lowes Dickinson and Bertrand Russell.

Mr. Hobson was fortunate in having new documents to supplement those of which Lord Morley made such conscientious use. The correspondence with Mr. Richard, of the Peace Society, and that with Charles Sumner occupy most of the present volume. The biographer contents himself with a few pages here and there of connecting narrative, and for the rest lets Cobden speak for himself—the protagonist of non-intervention, internationalism, and pacifism in the years 1850-1865. These were the years of the supremacy of Palmerston in the councils of the British government, and with him, in the House of Commons, on the hustings, and in

the press, Cobden carried on a long and splendid duel. With John Bright he threw himself directly across the path which England under the bad genius of her leader was following and dragging the world after her to its ruin. He fought the mischievous intrigues of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople, the attempt to isolate Russia, the repeated and foolish war panics founded on the imaginary danger of invasion by France and resulting always in increase of armament, the bullying of the United States, the disgraceful aggressions against China and the border state of India. He recognized this policy as one of cowardice as well as selfishness and cruelty, and he did not hesitate to express his condemnation of the imperial part which his country had played, and of which Palmerstone's activity seemed to him the culmination. His comment on recent English history is worth quoting—indeed he thought so himself for he used practically the same language to two correspondents—to Mr. Thomassen September 27, 1852 (quoted in M. Tiley), and to Mr. Richard two days later:

I wish we had a map, on Mercator's projection, with a red spot printed upon those places by land and sea where we have fought battles since 1688. It would be seen at a glance that we have (unlike any other nation under the sun) been fighting foreign enemies upon every part of the earth's surface excepting our own territory—thus showing that we have been the most warlike and aggressive people that ever existed.

And again:

We shall do no good until we can bring home to the conviction and consciences of men the fact that, as in the slave-trade we had surpassed in guilt the whole world, so in foreign wars we have been the most aggressive, quarrelsome, warlike, and bloody nation under the sun.

Nor did he confine his opposition to private correspondence. With the prestige which he had won by the prosperity which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws he addressed his countrymen fearlessly, even in times of actual warfare, defying the popular psychology, putting his reputation, his party, and almost his life at stake. He won a signal triumph of reason in the House of Commons in carrying a vote of censure against the Palmerstone government for the outrageous bombardment of Canton because of the seizure by Chinese authorities of the *Arrow*, but in the election which followed Palmerstone set the country afame with patriotism, Cobden and Bright were defeated for Parliament, and the Manchester School was almost wiped out. He carried through to success the difficult negotiation of a commercial treaty with France, to the immense advantage of both nations. Nothing speaks so eloquently of the impressiveness of Cobden's character and the strength which sheer conviction gave him as the fact that he brought Louis Napoleon and his

ministers to agree to this pacific measure at the very moment when Palmerstone was rousing England to renewed armament against them. Twice he received offers from the Whigs to take office, once from Palmerstone himself, but he rejected the specious argument of the good which he might accomplish in the Cabinet. In this respect of utter integrity his career offers a contrast, of which he was not unconscious, to the brilliant opportunism of Gladstone.

Cobden's doctrines of non-intervention and pacifism were the direct result of his faith in free trade as the solvent of war. As early as 1842 he wrote to Mr. Ashworth:

Free trade by perfecting the intercourse and securing the dependence of countries one upon another must inevitably snatch the power from governments to plunge their people into war.

With the example of free trade in England the Manchester School thought that it had provided the world with a solid basis of international peace, a basis of utilitarianism. Cobden saw clearly that the structure of international economic service and advantage which he had planned would be wrecked by tendencies already manifest to replace the legitimate methods of gain by exchange of goods for the get-rich-quick device of exporting capital, because, as Mr. Brailsford has pointed out, while the exporter of goods has a natural interest in the prosperity of his customer, the exporter of capital, like any other money lender, often finds his advantage in the bankruptcy of his client. To the safety of this financial penetration of weaker and undeveloped countries Palmerstone's *Civis Romanus* doctrine of protection to the property of British citizens in foreign lands, was essential. It appeared, a cloud not bigger than a man's hand, in connection with the case of Don Pacifico, a Levantine Jew naturalized Englishman, whose house was sacked by a mob in Athens and for whose avenging Palmerstone sent the British fleet to blockade Greece—and Cobden denounced him. Thirty years later when the cloud had grown to cover half the heavens with menacing blackness, Mr. Gladstone at the behest of the creditors of the Khedive sent the English fleet to bombard Alexandria and put down the Egyptian nationalists—and Cobden's friend John Bright resigned from the Cabinet.

Of the fact that in his war against war Cobden anticipated the experiences of present day statesmanship, Mr. Hobson's pages contain many reminders. Therein consists the timeliness of his volume. The dishonesty necessary to maintain the war spirit was the theme on which Cobden began his speech (at Leeds) against the Crimean War:

My first and greatest objection to the war, gentlemen,

has been the delusive, I had almost said fraudulent, pretences under which it has been made popular in this country. I mean that the feelings of the people have been roused into enthusiasm in favour of the war, by being led to entertain the belief that it was to effect objects which I know and felt, at all events, it never was intended to effect.

The mischievous influence of the press on the public mind was a frequent subject of his attack. He quotes Lord Aberdeen as saying:

"It was not the Parliament or the public, but the Press that forced the Government into the war. The public mind was not at first in an uncontrollable state, but it was made so by the Press."

In his arraignment of Palmerston he declares:

There is not the least doubt that Palmerston has, as Disraeli said the first night of the session in reference to his use of the Press, *made greater use of that means of creating an artificial public opinion than any other Minister since the time of Bolingbroke.*

He suggests a method of combatting this public enemy which Mr. Henry Ford has applied:

My object in writing is more especially to suggest a plan which I have often thought of—that of going through *The Times* for about three years and taking out enough for a short pamphlet of its inconsistencies, false assumptions, unverified predictions, and bombastic appeals to the momentary passions and prejudices.

He recognized the difficulty of dealing with preparedness:

The *money power*, created by the vast sums voted for the support of the standing armaments of Europe, is the greatest difficulty we have to encounter in trying to reduce those peace establishments.

He was heartily in favor of the freedom of the seas, with limitation of the right of blockade and immunity of private property at sea. He repeatedly advocated a League of Nations. Except in the field of industrial relations there is scarcely a topic before the would-be makers of the new world today on which Cobden did not hold advanced views. Indeed it is with something like despair that one comes to see in our world only the realization of Cobden's antipathies and fears, and to recognize that he fought the battle for peace more honestly, bravely, and consistently than any successor has done, but in vain, while the diplomacy of Palmerston was writing the death warrants of English boys at the Alma and Inkermann, and of American boys at Chateau-Thierry and in the Argonne.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Living Down the Hyphen

I CAME TO AMERICA as I came into the world— involuntarily. I have not always been able to rejoice over the initial journey, but my gratitude for being taken on the second one when I was five years old has increased with the years. It is this gratitude which now prompts me to relate something of my experience as an American of German birth. Perhaps my story may help a little toward a better understanding of one of the most serious and complicated problems brought on by the war.

My first years in America were not happy. Unlike many foreigners, my parents settled among American neighbors instead of in a district predominantly of their own nationality. As a result I was the butt of ridicule and the object of petty persecution whenever I appeared in the street. Fights without number, in which I was almost invariably worsted and ignominiously chased home, seem, as I look back, to have made up the record of my days. Sometimes my father took a hand, swooping down upon a gang of tormentors like a terrible Nemesis, collaring some of the leaders and giving them a ringing box on the ears. Then others would be drawn in—fathers or mothers or big brothers—and we had tumults on a larger scale. Once indeed shots were fired, though no one was hit.

Thus we fought side by side, my father and I, for the simple privilege of going about our business un-

molested. And together we hungered for the companionship of our fellows. Those who have not experienced it can have no conception of the isolation of an immigrant unsupported by a colony of his kind. The situation should have drawn us together but it did not. It did not because very different emotions were aroused in us by these early experiences: in him, a feeling of bitter disappointment; in me, an acute sense of shame. The wildest tales of conditions and opportunities in America had brought my father to this country, and he suffered disillusionments of which I then understood nothing. As a result Germany, transformed by the magic of distance, had never seemed so fair. If going back to the country he came from were as simple a proposition to the immigrant as those assume who glibly suggest a return trip to the disappointed foreigner, I am sure my father would have died in the land of his birth. I, on the other hand, had come with no illusions, and being a child, lived forward. I had but one wish: to be rid of every trace of German about me—in clothes, in manner, in speech; to be free from the guilt which made boys and girls call me "Sauerkraut," and yell after me, "Nix kom' rouse Von der Dutchman's house."

In my childish extremity I called upon my gods, the angels. They could manage it, I knew, so that I would be liked instead of tormented. Then one

night I was awakened by cries of pain. I could tell it was my mother, and I faintly remember quivering all over and drawing myself together in physical sympathy. But presently I was sound asleep again, blissfully ignoring her agonies. And the next morning I had a new sister.

My new sister brought an illumination. I still remember how clear it all seemed. The way out of my difficulty was to become a baby again. And so I prayed to be started over as a baby, an American baby like my sister, with the power to grow so fast that before anyone would notice what had happened, I would be as big as I was before, only free from all trace of German. I had the most fantastic ideas as to how it was to happen, and enjoyed ecstatic moments when it seemed to me the change was beginning. And when the scheme of becoming a baby again had to be recognized as a failure, I invented a variety of others, with always the same objective—to be an American, and consequently to be liked, instead of tormented. Thus while my father was looking wistfully back to the old country I was using what ingenuity I had to become one with the new country. Such was the beginning of the separation between us which was to become in time a spiritual chasm.

Just when or how my father first became aware of my state of mind I do not know. When he did, he took drastic measures to keep me German in soul. I was never permitted to utter an English word in the house or in his hearing outside, and if he discovered my dislike for anything because of its German associations it immediately became his chief concern to see that I was most punctilious in my loyalty to that thing, whatever it was. Not very good psychology, but he followed the method rigorously. To lose me too was the last straw of failure. He could not bear it. Consequently, as my Germanism came gradually to be less of an occasion for annoyance out of doors, I began to be punished at home for signs of Americanism. And my father did not punish psychically. Of that the scars I still bear are witness. When in the grip of the passion which seized him at every new sign of my defection, he lost all sense of justice and all humanity. But why go into details of cruelty and brutality? He is locked away forever from my praise or blame in the hillside he loved, where the unrivaled redbud blooms in May and the pawpaw is heavy with strange fruit in October. Moreover, that miracle-woman, my mother, redeemed and glorified even those horrible experiences. I remember them now without bitterness.

My father was strongly opposed to church religion, and one consequence of this was that he favored public as against parochial school education.

Which was fortunate for me, but it intensified the conflict between us. I had a keen appetite for history and biography, and so devoured with avidity the romantic story of the settlement of America, and the dramatic founding of our nation. My mental furniture was soon as completely American as my love of country was fervent and intense. And how I hated the English! The same process which made me American made me anti-British. And of course I liked the French. They had helped us win the Revolution. As for all other nations, even Germany, they were names. My head knew of their existence, but not my heart. And what did it matter? There was one country transcendently great and glorious, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," *my country!*

The crisis came when I was fourteen. For a year my father had threatened to take me out of school and now he said the fatal word. And my father did not change his mind in such matters. How vividly I recall the closing exercises of that year. They were to be my last. In the midst of them, while the speaker of the occasion was urging upon us the advantages of continuing in school, I burst into tears and rushed from the room.

Going to work was easy enough. I had been accustomed to working after school and in the summer. Indeed, my last year in school was purchased by working in a restaurant nights, sleeping when there were no customers. But a dull dread of September grew upon me as the summer wore on. I stood it well into August. Early in the morning of the sixteenth, however, they found my good mother in a dead faint in the kitchen. She had just learned that the secret confided to her was out: I had left in the night—gone to try myself out in "the world."

When I saw my father again much had happened. Instead of fourteen I was twenty-six, and he did not know me as we met. I had intended to do him the courtesy of talking in German, but my purpose to cut myself off from everything German had worked too well. My attempts only called attention to the thoroughness of my naturalization. Sentences begun in German were soon snarled and had to be unraveled in English. It was evident, too, that my loss of the German tongue was merely the outward manifestation of a complete spiritual change within. He did not seem to mind. We talked far into the night, seated in the old grape-arbor overlooking the river. Long streamers of dancing light—red, green, yellow—were flung to us from the dark bank across the stream. Now and then the deep-toned whistle of a river packet would announce that it was about to take "the Bend" and bear down upon the city; and soon

thereafter a puffing monster with two rows of fiery teeth, and one red and one green eye, would glide out from behind the black hills, just as when I was a boy and could tell each steam-boat by its whistle. We talked far into the night, but not about those days, the days that were uppermost in our minds. Somehow we could not manage it, or else we thought the reestablished relationship too precious to risk. Nor did we talk as father and son, but as men between whom some tragedy in the past has created a bond which holds them together while it keeps them apart. As I walked to the depot through the summer night, with the katydids disputing in the willows along the river, and the Pleiades just visible over the eastern hills, I was conscious that I had experienced one of those elemental moments of life that introduce men to a new level of being; and I learned afterwards that he continued to pace slowly back and forth in the garden until daylight. And so it remained to the end. There was something big about our relationship, but also something somber. We approached, but did not meet. That was the tribute we paid to the foe of compromise enshrined in the heart of father and son.

Well, as I was saying, much had happened in those twelve years. For one thing, I had graduated from college, doing major work in American history. Lack of preparation and lack of funds made college a rash adventure, but youth does not take counsel of obstacles. I began to dream of it while still an office boy in New York, and in time the dream had its way, as dreams will. When the preparatory work was somehow accomplished, a far-seeing friend guided me to a college which was just then in a period of creative glory. It was at once a shrine and a work-shop. Inspired by a new vision of life and guided by new ideals of service, professors, administrators, and students were cooperating to make the institution a laboratory of social reconstruction. It was just the environment needed to clarify and illuminate my intense but uninformed Americanism. Here, too, in one of the professors, I found the man who gave the intellectual tone to my life which will, I suspect, remain its dominant quality to the end. As my teacher he introduced me to spiritual treasure of which I had not even suspected the existence. It was as if he had raised the blinds and opened the windows upon a new world. And if, looking out upon that world, I at first failed to see things which he thought it of most importance to see, and then gradually showed an interest in things which in his judgment were to be ignored because they were of slight importance, he did not, like the typical professor, lose interest in my career. He wanted me to be a voice, not an

echo. Quick to appreciate any sign of mental vigor, but holding me to high standards of workmanship, generous in his endorsement, but straightforward and penetrating in his criticism where he thought me wrong, what he did for me in the field of intellect alone would be difficult to overemphasize. And his influence upon my mind only partly represents the spiritual tradition which came to me through him and which I have tried to pass on to others. For our association was not merely a matter of brains. Together we enjoyed music, together we championed what we thought better ideals in education, together we worried over the prospect of art in America. Moreover, his influence was suffused by a rare personal quality. I was welcomed to his family circle in town and by lake side, and we were companions again and again in walking trips through some of the loveliest country my eyes have ever looked upon. Uplands warmed by the first breath of spring, great valleys asleep in the embrace of Indian Summer, bonfires with their trails of blue smoke, the smell of pine, the sound of waters, yellow moons and red suns—such are the first memories my thought of him recalls. I have heard it said that the ideal relation between man and man is "comradeship in the achievement of glorious plans." If that is true, we were headed in the right direction.

So year was added on year until when the war broke out in Europe I was myself a professor, proud of the privilege of calling my teacher my colleague. And I was accepted for what I was—an American. Few people, to be sure, knew that the two thinkers most intimate to my inner life were Emerson and William James. Not many more were aware that I had returned from a stay abroad, where I had responded profoundly to the influence of the past, more alive than ever to the glory of a possible future America. But I was also American by outward signs. The fact of the matter is that there was nothing about me to raise the question of nationality. My name, while German, was not obviously so, and there was no trace of German accent or construction in my speech. I had no affiliation with German societies. My habitual associates, my intimate friends, my manner of life, everything marked me as thoroughly American. Of the number who in one way or another chanced to discover my German extraction I do not recall a single person who was not greatly surprised, and many were even incredulous. "There is absolutely nothing German about him but his name," once said a German in disapproval of me, "and that's only half German."

The outbreak of the war brought a great change. All my speculative thinking had prepared me to see in the European struggle the threat of destruction to Western civilization, and I became more and

more pacifistic in my convictions as the war increased in bitterness and brutality. Doubtless my early dislike of the British was an influence too. It was not easy for me to accept the English statement of the case at its face value. And perhaps something was due to subconscious ties which bound me to the land of my birth. I examined myself repeatedly on this matter and always came to a negative conclusion, but such influences may be very subtle. All that I am sure of is that I fervently hoped the struggle might soon come to a deadlock, and that our country might act as mediator in the interest of a better international arrangement. I found encouragement in the writings of Bertrand Russell, G. Lowes Dickinson, and Norman Angell, and with their aid I was able to translate my faith into a program.

To my surprise, though not at all unnaturally under the circumstances, my attitude was interpreted by many of my colleagues as pro-German. At first I paid little attention to these suspicions. They seemed so absurd, so obviously without foundation. Moreover I discovered that some of my critics were satisfied with nothing less than absolute moral and intellectual surrender. The expression of the slightest difference of opinion as regards the correct policy for America, was branded by them as pro-Germanism, and any concession made in the interest of harmony only led to their demanding others. Moreover, some of these colleagues were outspokenly pro-British, and others actually Canadians or Englishmen who, although at home in the United States for years, had never felt it desirable to become American citizens. It was foolish, perhaps, but I resented their attempt to instruct me in Americanism. Instinctively I assumed an attitude of aloofness and thus made matters worse.

Then came the explosion which aroused me to the seriousness of my situation and made it clear to me that I was once more called upon to fight for the privilege of being an American. The day on which the papers announced our entrance into the war is one I shall not forget. The morning sun was streaming in through the window as I reached the office at the university which I shared with my teacher-colleague, and he was standing in the flood of it looking out over the campus. Apropos of my "good morning" and without turning around he said, "I regret that hereafter our relations cannot be what they have been in the past."

My mind was preoccupied with the lecture I was about to deliver, so that I did not appreciate the real import of his remark. Besides, had I noticed his excited state of mind and had I known the cause of it (I had not yet heard the news), the thing was so completely out of harmony with anything

I might have expected that under any circumstances I should have been slow to apprehend his meaning. I fear, therefore, that I made some such silly reply as, "Is that so? That's interesting."

"You seem to take it lightly," said my colleague, turning upon me. "I assure you this is no time for joking. I was never more serious."

His frigid tone, rather than what he said, penetrated my preoccupation. I felt as if ice-water had been poured down my back.

"What is the matter?" I managed to say. "What have I done?"

"It isn't anything you've done," he replied, "it's what you are. At last the crisis is upon us. From today on Germany and America will be at war. Unpleasant as it may be, no true American can any longer condone the divided allegiance of the German-Americans. It's now a case of for us or against us."

That afforded me a clue, of course, but only a clue; for he had never given me the slightest indication that he suspected me of divided allegiance, and strange as it may seem, I had never thought of myself as German-American. At first I thought of myself as German, then as American. Never, as far as I know, did I represent that complex of mental preferences and attitudes properly called German-American. Not that I retained no admiration for anything German. What I mean is that my dedication to American life and ideals was ardent, enthusiastic, and whole-hearted. For a moment I thought my colleague was speaking in general and in the abstract; that he did not have reference to me at all. But his face, white and tense with suppressed emotion, recalled his first remark and I understood it in all its tragic import.

"You have known me now for ten or twelve years," I ventured. "If, as result of that acquaintance or because of something you have just learned, you have concluded to strike me from the list of those you care to associate with, I can only bow to your wish in the matter, hard as I shall find it. But it seems to me that I am at least entitled to know what you are basing your action upon."

"I have already told you," he said, "that it isn't anything you've done. It's your attitude, it's what you are, and that's what counts in a crisis like this. I have come to feel that just as a Jew is a Jew—an exception here and there doesn't matter—so a German is a German."

I have not the art to describe the effect these words had upon me. There was a feeling in my head as if myriads of tiny arrows were shooting through my brain and out into the roots of my hair. My throat was dry; I could hardly speak;

and my whole body seemed rigid and cold. It was a strange, hard voice that said:

"And what are we to do? If your words could blast us into nothingness, or if you could spit us out of the country as you might some nasty taste out of your mouth, well and good. But here we are, by the hundreds of thousands, even if you convince us that we have no right here. What are we to do?"

"That is for you to decide," was his reply.

I wish I had given free rein to the feelings which surged within me. I wish I had spoken the words that were on my lips: that he had no right to exclude me or any other so-called German-American from the "us" for or against which every citizen was now called upon to take a stand; that until we removed ourselves from that "us" by un-American sentiments or acts we were as vitally part of it as he; that I resented his arrogating to himself the right to decide my status. I wish I had told him that his Scotch antecedents no more made him an American than my German birth kept me from being one; that we were what we were, regardless of origins—a doctrine which in better days he himself had taught me. It would have cleared the air, and who knows what good might have come of it?

One thing stood in the way, the same thing that is responsible for serious racial antagonisms now developing in our country. That one thing was pride—a pride which in him assumed a holier than thou attitude, and in me was too holy to defend itself. I said nothing at all. Looking back from this distance, it is clear that my colleague's patriotic self-righteousness was the element of dross in a deep love of country. He unfortunately confused it with love of country itself, a confusion which, sad to say, is at present not uncommon. Only the most profound emotional upheaval can account for his action. I have never met a man temperamentally more fair-minded. Again and again I have marveled at his ability to arrive at an objective judgment in situations where most of us were twisted to one side by an emotional bias. His performance in this case was so fundamentally unlike him, so out of harmony with what for years he had shown himself to be, that I should have paid no attention to it. I didn't and couldn't. I have but this to say for my conduct, and that not at all by way of justification. My reaction was essentially a struggle—random and unintelligent if you will, but sincere and vital—against being de-Americanized. If a man has any spirit he cannot go through what I had gone through to become an American and then calmly suffer himself to be hyphenated.

It goes without saying that I deeply regretted the interruption of a relation which had meant so much

to me. But I failed to catch its significance. I regarded it as a personal matter, as a misunderstanding between him and me. Since then, however, I have become well aware that the clash between us was symbolic of a national situation. And this is my justification for telling the story. For if the public mind is such that a keen, judicially-minded, cultured man is impelled to smother a whole class of his countrymen under one blanket of suspicion, what can be expected of men as they run? And if one so completely Americanized as I falls under the common suspicion even in the mind of a friend, what chance have those who are less Americanized, especially those who are at the mercy of enemies? Here is the seriousness of the situation. As far as I am concerned there has been nothing like persecution. Nor has anything that has happened succeeded in making me feel that I am German or even a German-American. I resented it, I confess, when I found that my German birth closed the door to service in a Red Cross unit, and that even the Y. M. C. A., badly in need of men for France, could not send me out if it would. But I scored it up against "military necessity," and thus somehow—the psychology of it is obscure—escaped the feeling that I do not truly belong. As for the proposal (which we hear in our town as elsewhere) that all who have German blood in their veins shall hereafter regard themselves, unless specifically approved, as spectators of rather than participants in American life, although it still arouses a temporary bitterness in me, I find it more and more possible to ignore, while I go on doing my work and planning to take a not unworthy part in the great task to which I believe my country to be dedicated. One cannot, I know, set bounds to what a man may be persuaded of. I remember that in preparatory school we formed a conspiracy to make a Freshman believe he had the measles, and that he finally took to bed, a very sick boy, while the panic-stricken conspirators hastened to find a doctor. But somehow I have no fear whatever of being convinced that I am not an American. It is acknowledged to be impossible for a leopard to change his spots or an Ethiopian his skin; how then shall a man change his personality and be someone else? I am, however, afraid that many Americans of German ancestry who have not been as completely Americanized as I and who have thus been peculiarly open to suspicion and peculiarly liable to the unjust treatment which suspicion often breeds, will, unless we change our method of dealing with them, be made in fact what we have already made them in our imagination—a group apart, a foreign substance in the body of our national life, and so the germ of a new and stubborn social disease.

Patriotism and Its Consequences

THE WAR, BY THE LAW of its being, produced articles which have no conceivable use in a civil community, and which could not be stored away by such a community without grave menace to its existence. In the case of poison gas the War Department set an excellent example by dumping large quantities of the noxious compound into the sea. It is unfortunate that no administrative authority has power to deal with the fuscous states of mind which were likewise manufactured for purely bellicose purposes. A community that had an intelligent regard for the hygiene of its mental processes would consign vast quantities of its war books, pamphlets, newspapers, and judicial decisions to the ignominious depths of the ocean rather than let the rising generation run the danger of contamination through contact on library shelves and bookstore counters. Foremost among books awaiting such disposal would be *The World War and Its Consequences*, by Professor William Herbert Hobbs (Putnam).

This series of lectures on patriotism which Professor Hobbs tardily publishes points to consequences of the war that the lecturer was hardly introspective enough to explore. The doctrine of the single indivisible nation, the cult of the united front, the operation of the "patriotic" inquisition, the imprisonment and torture of heretics, and the like, are all phenomena worthy of attention in any exhaustive discussion of either the world war or patriotism. Toward topics of this nature, however, Professor Hobbs is opaque, for the reason that it would lead to an examination of the state of mind which he, and the late ex-President, and a number of other worthy and honorable gentlemen not merely accept but would like to perpetuate. The "patriotism" complex has made the name of peace loathsome to Professor Hobbs: it literally passeth his understanding. His mind is at home only in that fumy war atmosphere which destroyeth all understanding, for it is in this element that all pacifists appear to be black traitors, and all "patriots" shining heroes of chivalry. One of the humors of the situation is that the wind which can carry the poison gas against the foe can also waft it back upon the friend. If the Industrial Workers are disloyal to the established government, what about the National Security League? Hence, it is amusing to see Professor Hobbs close his last lecture with an unseemly attack upon, the President whilst (with an eye that searches the audience for a Department of Justice agent) he invites the government to make the most of it. But of course

this was merely oratorical camouflage: no sensible officer would arrest such authentic "patriots" as Henry W. Wood or W. H. Hobbs. During the war men were sent to jail for their convictions; they were asked to lecture upon patriotism for—their suspicions.

Now the war animus revealed in Professor Hobbs' work was one of the most important psychological by-products of the war, and to those who accept the liberal point of view it appears at long last the most dangerous. The virulence of this animus was not sufficiently accounted for in the liberal prospectuses, and the difficulty of handling it proved so great that within the executive department itself the spirit of the President's first exhortation to fight without rancor was broken within a few weeks of the declaration. Perhaps the only writer who gauged this imponderable element at its full worth was the late Randolph Bourne. Whereas in Germany "patriotism" helped provoke the war, in America the war succeeded in evoking an uncontrollable quantity of "patriotism." This patriotism of blind faith must be distinguished boldly from that genuine patriotism of good works whose other name is public spirit. To practice real patriotism is the first duty of a citizen; to inculcate an instinctive and servile loyalty to the group, right or wrong, hell-bent or heaven-bent, is the first subterfuge of a commercial imperialist. Both varieties were stimulated by the war. The problem before us is to do away with "patriotism"—the blind habit of running with the pack and following the leader on predatory expeditions—and to maintain public spirit. It is a sufficient comment on Professor Hobbs' beautiful opacity that in the course of more than four hundred pages he does not once attempt to make this elementary distinction.

Unless this war complex can be broken up the prospects for a civil polity are not hopeful. The institutions of peacedom function freely only on a basis of divided loyalties and dispersed interests. Civil life means association, with the family, the trade union, the grange, the chamber of commerce, the professional institute, the church, the theater, and the forum intermediately between the life of the individual as an individual and his life as the member of a political (military) state. The war brought the individual face to face with the state and divested him of all associative interests, and in order for a state to continue on a footing ready for warlike emergency this intolerance of voluntary groups which refuse to merge themselves in the life

of the state will continue. In particular, the university, with its extensive criticism of the prevailing order in the economic and political worlds, is threatened with the same fate in this country as it met in Germany if the military conditions which operated in Europe come into existence here. Dr. Claxton, the Federal Commissioner of Education, has rationalized the instinctive war complex by saying that "the government of the United States recognizes no groups. It knows only individuals." To accept his creed would be to carry one of the necessary

products of the war into a realm where its presence is not merely useless but dangerous. By sanctioning this philosophy Professor Hobbs has done a dubious service as a citizen, and he has committed a traitorous act as a scholar, a member of that wider republic of science and letters. He places himself in that group of "hirelings in the camp, the court, and the university, who," according to Blake, "would, if they could, forever depress mental and prolong corporeal war."

LEWIS MUMFORD.

A Vindication of Fielding

IN A CONVERSATION in Fielding's *A Journey from This World to the Next*, Shakespeare is seen "shaking his sides" and exclaiming: "On my word, brother Milton, they have brought a noble set of poets together; they would have been hanged erst have convened such a company at their table when alive." So Fielding himself might have enjoyed the incongruous position of mannerly critics who have bestowed post mortem commendation upon his art while they gave scant courtesy to his person. To the rescue of such uneasy persons, caught upon the horns of a prudential dilemma, now comes Professor Wilbur L. Cross with a portrait of "Fielding as He Was" which reconciles art and the bourgeois concern with the artist's private life. To Fielding's love of nature and truth, however, the mass of apocryphal legend which has accumulated about the facts of his life history would be abhorrent; and welcome to his love of fair play would be Professor Cross' loyal labors to remove from "the shadow of Arthur Murphy," Fielding's personal reputation.

In this *History of Henry Fielding* (3 vols., Yale University Press, New Haven.) Professor Cross has added another to the little group of great biographies in English literature. He has reconstructed with much detail the life of a man who has left almost no personal documents. Lockhart, Trevelyan, Mrs. Gaskell not only stood in intimate personal relation to the subjects of their studies but they had also the documentary aid of voluminous letters, journals, and other records. Not so Professor Cross. Over a century and a half after the death of his hero, a period during which, unexplainably, nearly all Fielding's letters had disappeared and other contemporary evidence had become scattered and blurred, he undertook the task whose patent difficulties had deterred earlier biographers. Collecting laboriously the contemporary records here and there in letters, memoirs, magazines, newspapers, and archives; sys-

tematizing the results of the researches of other recent scholars, he compared these data with the statements of earlier biographers, testing and reenforcing his conclusions with the testimony in the writings of Fielding himself. The result is the story of Fielding's life year by year, often month by month and day by day, from boyhood to his death in the fortieth year of his age, a record supplemented by nineteen photogravures of great beauty, and a bibliography (in part the work of that indefatigable Fielding student, Mr. Frederick S. Dickson), which not only adds new data concerning familiar works but also contributes new items to the Fielding canon.

The angle of Professor Cross' approach to his subject is as far as possible Fielding's own. In his title, like Fielding, he uses "History" to mean: "a biography, either fictitious or real, that places in the proper social background all the incidents in the life of a man essential to knowing him, in conjunction with a sufficient account of the persons who bore upon that life for good or evil." This placing of the man in his milieu in such a way that the two shall be mutually interpretative, requires that a mastery of the facts of both the physical and spiritual life of an age shall be put at the disposal of a constructive imagination quickened by emotion. This vitalizing of scholarship by warm personal sympathies is the source of the strength—and of certain amiable weaknesses, I think—which Professor Cross' work displays.

What Viscount Morley's *Recollections* do for Victorian England, in its upper social reaches, what the Letters of Charles Eliot Norton do for the Cambridge group of the mid-century, revealing concretely the currents and eddies of political, social and literary life as they are felt by a man who is a part of what he has seen, such service *The History of Henry Fielding* renders to England, especially London, from about 1730 to 1754. The inside histories of the theaters'—managers, actors, play-

wrights, and critics of the Haymarket and Covent Garden and Grub Street close by; the personal and factional conflicts of the Walpole ministry waged in pamphlet and journal and on the stage, until the Licensing Act put an end to the activities of Fielding and his fellows; the study and fellowship of the lawyers of the Middle Temple; the sordid, arduous, and serviceable labors of the Bow Street Justice's court; murder and robbery in the dark city streets, diseases, doctors and their nostrums, brothels and masquerades, prisons and constables and thief-takers, lawbooks and lodgings, Salisbury, Bath, Lyme Regis, and London, all these items enter as naturally and inevitably into this tale of real life as do the Flat-Iron Building and Montgomery Ward's Tower into pictures of New York or Chicago today. Such landmarks of Fielding's physical world, like the inns and roads from Salisbury to Holborn which mark the stages of Tom Jones' progress, are at the same time the explanation of his inner life. For such a reconstructed world of eighteenth century London many students will be grateful, for it is the explanation not only of Harry Fielding and Tom Jones but of other personages, historical or fictitious, of those times.

Through this every-day world Professor Cross follows Fielding; he portrays "the handsome boy" who comes to London in 1727, perhaps, quickly winning his way in the theaters and also in the favor of Lady Mary Wortley Montague his kinswoman; the student, not of law but of ancient letters, at Leyden in 1728-29; the anti-Walpole dramatist, and editor; the romantic lover and husband, the affectionate and anxious father of a family growing while the income seems to shrink; the faithful friend of rich and poor; the tireless and humane Justice of the Peace laboring until sick unto death for the reform of men and of laws; and finally, the social censor and lover of his kind, the same voice speaking sentiments much the same in drama, journal, essay, pamphlet, and novel.

The last years of Fielding's life Professor Cross describes with a profound sympathy which dramatically foreshadows the end with feeling of Nemesis. He shows us a gallant spirit adventuring bravely through the Valley of the Shadow which closes about him with the inevitableness of a tragedy of fate. We finish the story of *The Voyage to Lisbon* in a sad and exalted mood, which is our ultimate tribute to Henry Fielding and to the art of his latest biographer.

From this narrative Fielding's personality and his work emerge with striking unity. There are no violent or incredible transitions. H. Scriblerus Secundus, Sir Hercules Vinegar, Sir Alexander Drawcansir, and Henry Fielding, Esq., are one

man playing in his day many parts. As Professor Cross writes in his final chapter: Fielding's "development under the stress of changing circumstances was perfectly natural and logical, like the development of a great character in a great novel. He had a mind most responsive to his immediate surroundings; and therein lay the prime element of his genius."

This unity of effect, together with certain personal qualities essential to the portrait, distinguish this from earlier biographies. Yet in the midst of an admiring mood the reader pauses occasionally, as he reads through the volumes, to ask, at first hesitantly and then with more assurance, whether now and then Professor Cross does not commit the very fault for which Frederick Lawrence and others stand condemned, that of letting "fixed prepossession" influence unwittingly his selection and interpretation of facts. Frankly he tells us in his preface that the work began with a prepossession, "a surmise which soon grew into a conviction that the author of *Tom Jones* could not have been the kind of man described in innumerable books and essays." The biography is surcharged with this thesis, which involves the destruction of that Fielding legend, initiated in the rhetorical essay which the incompetent Arthur Murphy prefixed to the 1762 edition of Fielding's works. Two items in the legend are the chief objects of attack: the charge that Fielding led a life of dissipation, to which was due his poverty, sickness, and premature death; and the statement that his works were written in haste in the intervals between the riotous incidents of his career.

Led into paths of controversy here and there, Professor Cross gives short shrift to critics of his hero. Of Richardson—always anathema to your true lover of Fielding—we hear that praise of *Tom Jones* "set his shrunken heart boiling with rage and envy"; Mrs. Barbauld's essay is "a thoroughly feminine production"; Leslie Stephen is "the last of the brilliant defamers," after whom come "the twenty sane years from Dobson to Henley," followed by a period of recent scientific research into the facts of Fielding's life history, culminating in the present work.

Though Mr. Cross agrees in the main with the conclusions of these later scholars, readers will be startled at times by the ease with which statements of Fielding's contemporaries are brushed aside when incompatible with Professor Cross' thesis; puzzled a little too as to the exact basis of selection between those facts in Fielding's novels which may justly be considered autobiographic, and those which are not autobiographic but "essential dramatic elements in his art." In many cases readers will assume that

the biographer has at hand data not evident to them, justifying certain procedures and assertions in Fielding's defense which appear captious or dogmatic. And they will conclude with the conviction that the truth about Henry Fielding lies perhaps far above the level of personal character Arthur Murphy described, yet—since God made man a little lower than the angels—just a bit below the amiable perfection of the hero of Professor Cross.

But after all the great value of *The History of Henry Fielding* lies not in its defense of Fielding's morals but in its realism in the presentation of the man and artist against the background of his times. As a rule it is the novel of manners, not the novel of purpose, which has the universal qualities which

make for immortality. So it is often with biographical writing, and especially is it true of the present work, that the qualities which give it charm and insure its permanence derive not from the author's thesis, not even from his personal analysis of his hero and his hero's works, discriminating and delightful as these are, but from the portrait of this hero playing a credible part in a fully peopled world reconstructed with the veracity and the imaginative sympathy of the creative scholar. Of such creative scholarship, remote from the genre of the average doctoral dissertation, American universities have hitherto given us too little.

HELEN SARD HUGHES.

Liberalism Invincible

PERHAPS NO WORD has so diminished in prestige since the beginning of the war as the word liberalism. This has been due not merely to the extraordinarily facile collapse of supposedly liberal leaders before the emotion-provoking shibboleths of belligerency, but also to the deliberate creation of a popular temper and attitude sharply hostile to all that the adjective liberal connotes. Modern war invariably brings to the fools and chauvinists of any country a glamour and prestige which they cannot hope to achieve in the more rational atmosphere of peace. Consequently they have a kind of vested prestige interest in seeing to it that the mass of the people are kept at the same low intellectual level which is their own customary habitation. It goes without saying that all the great instruments of publicity—the press, the universities, the church, the stage—are at their entire disposal, far from unwilling to help them in their attempt to reduce the national atmosphere to the desired temperature of warm and unthinking animal emotion. The independent and fearless mind is cowed into silence or twisted by the social pressure into mere erraticism. The union sacrée tends irresistibly to become, so to speak, the union dégradée, for when a nation turns homogeneous in its thinking—as it has to in war-time—it must maintain its concepts at the lowest common denominator. Political heresy (in normal times, a mere personal idiosyncrasy) becomes a crime punishable by penalties more severe than were visited upon the religious heretics of the inquisitorial age. Protest is greeted by savage and summary repression; intolerance becomes the normal and accepted thing. Even a few months of this anti-liberal nationalistic hysteria is usually long enough to shatter the thin resistances of the intellectuals, and to render the popular temper—which inwardly

chafes at the artificiality of it all—apathetic and dull. Competent observers in Europe, even today, months after the signing of the armistice, speak with growing concern of the atrophy of political mindedness, the huddling back of the herd to smaller and more understandable groups than the abstract State for which they have already sacrificed almost beyond any limit of human endurance. This apathy of social awareness in the individual is especially notable in Germany and the half-starved, neurasthenic small nationalities of south-eastern Europe; but it has not left even the victors untouched. It is a type of spiritual dullness before any other than immediate and material issues—a by-product of the bigotry and intolerance (as truly as of the suffering) of the war. It has brought the fact and the word, liberalism, into disrepute.

For the true definition of liberalism would be a definition of a temper and an attitude towards life as a whole rather than an explication of a program. It would include the neglected virtues of candidness, willingness to examine the unpopular view, tolerance, intellectual detachment, the desire for social experiment, humility before facts, historical background. Liberalism is good-tempered and non-partisan. It despises the role of hired attorney for any cause—however meritorious the cause may intrinsically be. It is frankly *au-dessus de la mêlée*, not through arrogance but through a pretty thorough conviction that perhaps the most valuable social service possible is the inculcation of the liberal attitude of mind. It is less concerned with the achievement of specific objects than with the creation of that tolerant and intelligent social atmosphere without which the achievement of any object is valueless. Consequently the liberal temper is seldom encouraged and usually not even allowed by

governments in time of war. It is subversive and disturbing; it breaks up the national unity—and seldom yet has a nation gone to war with its cause so spotless that it could afford to be good-natured about its minority opposition. Certainly in this present war, which seems to be transforming itself, despite formal armistices, from nationalistic rivalry into a bleak class struggle, the suppression of all kinds of minority opinion has been especially ruthless and far-reaching. It takes more than mere intellectual conviction to withstand the passions of the herd today; it takes more even than the sudden, defiant courage of the irreconcilable.

It takes, in a word, what a genuine liberal like Mr. Norman Angell has never relinquished, no matter what social pressure the war has focussed on him—the power of character to remain rational, sensible, fair-minded. Mr. Angell is the enduring, the Socratean type of liberal. He does not allow the revelation of the appalling stupidity and prejudice of the mob which the war has given us to shake his belief in the final ability of the average man to see the rational course of action. He has a passion for reasonableness, "not," as he once said to the present writer, "because I do not recognize the extent and massiveness of unconscious motives in the acts of people, but because the reason, slight and capricious though it is, is all that we have." He has been called the incomparable pamphleteer, but this hardly does him justice. His writing is all of a piece. It is one extended and detailed attempt to persuade the person of ordinary intelligence to see the rational scheme of politics and affairs. What emotional drive it possesses comes from his democratic faith in the ultimate good sense of the common man and woman. It is sharply differentiated from either the incisive bitterness of so penetrating a critic as Bertrand Russell, or from the fanatical and courageous doctrinaireism of a leader like Liebknecht, or from the somewhat sneering petulance of a skeptic of war's values like Macdonald or Snowden. It is more akin to the quality of H. B. Brailsford's writing, although with less emotional intensity and likewise with less background of European history. For Mr. Angell's method has the defect of its virtues: it is sometimes careless of minor facts, however sound may be the main contentions; it has the somewhat thin and ratiocinative quality of all predominantly hortatory writing. But it is infinitely patient before stupidity; its feeling for justice and integrity is never once deflected by the plea of immediate expedients; it is never bitter; it never descends to invective; it is always lucid and simple and non-patronizing and straightforward. Almost any book of Mr. Angell's is a fine corrective to either the passions of war-

time or to the apathy of peace. It puts the reader in the frame of mind where discussion is possible. It really does induce in one the first act of intellectual honesty—being fair to one's opponents. Temporarily at least, it makes the reader a liberal.

Especially is this true of his latest book, *The British Revolution and The American Democracy* (Huebsch). The specific task of exposition which he attempts is not very pretentious. He merely tries to show how in Europe the war has raised questions which go far beyond those involved in merely political democracy, and the relevancy of these new questions to our own immediate social and political future in the United States. He gives an excellent analysis of the program of British Labor, showing how beneath the formal demands runs a new note—the desire for an entirely novel social order. He shows how industrial democracy has come to be the real question in Europe; how the conscription of life has raised inevitably the moral issue of the conscription of income and even the whole concept of private property. He points out that merely state socialism has come to be regarded with even more suspicion by the workers desirous of a new status than the old capitalistic individualism. He explains how the questions involved in state socialism cannot be escaped by America after the drastic war legislation. And finally he reveals how, as during the Reformation it was the common man's feeling for ordinary justice and humanity which finally destroyed religious bigotry, so, in all likelihood, it will be the common man's new feeling for the community of interest of all who labor and suffer that will finally destroy modern political bigotry.

Mr. Angell's new book concludes with an essay which is of its kind a classic: *Why Freedom Matters*. It is temperate and just and unanswerable. Our author puts his case so that it cannot be challenged: human happiness ultimately depends upon the quality of the society which men have made for themselves, and that quality depends upon the ideas of the individuals who compose it—those ideas, in turn, upon freedom and independence of judgment. Without the latter a land flowing with milk and honey is spiritually a waste. Perhaps the one greatest evil resulting from this war, even counting all the physical and material suffering and loss, has been its evocation of the spirit of intolerant partisanship, the willingness to kill and imprison because men could not agree with you. Men have been taught to rely upon the wisdom of blind majorities. Mr. Angell can look back with pride upon his record in this war. He has done nothing to encourage and much to destroy this ancient and most tragic of human delusions.

HAROLD STEARNS.

Labor Control of Government Industries

AMONG A NUMBER OF THINGS which we may lose through the general shuffle in international adjustment of affairs and exchange of thought, is the depressing idea which was gaining headway before the war, that public utilities could be administered by the state to the satisfaction of the common people; that by some hocus pocus this transfer from private to public operation would confer benefit on the wage earners involved. The idea of state socialism gained friends and made progress as it began to appear that the movement in that direction was not revolutionary, that it did not contemplate a greater control by labor or offer new opportunities for labor expression. It was essentially a revisionist proposition, since it accepted the modern scheme of machine production, the division of labor, and routine employment as unalterable, and offered nothing in its stead or supplementary which might open up the environment to the common people so that they could take part more freely in the reshaping of it. The spirit of the movement was to make the best of a bad thing and carry routine employment to its consummation by eliminating, further than had yet been done, the workers' responsibility through the centralization of management of enterprise. The idea seemed to be that if the direction of industry could be vested in the state the tendency in modern enterprise to eliminate interest in the processes would be advanced, and energy and thought could be saved for better things.

The conspicuous loss of confidence of American socialists in state administration was occasioned by the war against Germany and all that it represented. That loss of confidence was increased by the discussions which center around the Russian Revolution and the movement among the workers of England for status and control. As these events have emphasized the abortive results of state administration the workers of America have become more conscious of the limitations which are inherent in civil service. Up to the present time neither American socialists nor trade unionists have offered any concrete working program which would replace bureaucratic management in public works. The syndicalist program of the Industrial Workers is put forth in opposition to state socialism, but that program has not been worked out along lines which relate in practical application to actual problems of administration. I referred in a recent issue of *THE DIAL* to the proposition of the railroad workers for the administration of the roads. I alluded to the fact that while the proposition was presented as an alter-

native to state administration, no provision was made for labor control. Control and management of railroad operations was vested in a board of directors which was to be elected with due precautions against power of rank and file. Management was to be centralized, as it is commonly in the business arrangement of affairs. The election of the directorate was divided between the federal government, the classified officials, and the employees as distinguished from officers. Having given the rank and file a voice in the determination of the directorate, ample provision was made for the overwhelming of it. In this way the scheme of organization denied at the outset its cardinal and avowed principle, the one that gave it validity, that operating rights should be awarded on the basis of ability to operate.

If ability is in reality the asset of an operating scheme, it follows that provision must be made for its exercise. In the case of a business enterprise it is necessary to show ability to pay and provision for payment. In the case of a cooperative enterprise it is necessary to measure the capacity of individuals and to give that capacity the best possible conditions for expression and expansion. If the promoters of the railroad scheme should ever be called on to submit their asset—that is their ability—to appraisement, they would be obliged to prove that their association was a well coordinated organization composed of members who were technically equipped, conscious of their ability, their interdependence in the promotion of the enterprise; that they were informed and intelligent as to the details of administration and the purpose and the policy of the enterprise. Having shown so much it would then follow, but not until then, that executive officers could represent the ability of the membership and from this ability they would derive their sanction. An enterprise could not be *run* by a board of directors, in fact, if the membership of the association represented ability to any important extent, and if it had the chance to exercise it.

Our national psychology at the moment is more favorable than it has ever been for the kind of reorganization which is implicit in the events. A year ago the proposition which I here submit would have appeared Utopian, but it will be recognized at the present moment that it has its bearings on the current situation and its relation to institutional practices with which we have become familiar. I submit the proposition to the special consideration of civil servants who are employed in public service.

To secure the maximum service from such public

utilities as railroads, telephones, telegraphs, merchant marine, street railways, gas, electric lighting, power and water supply. The federal government in respect to the federal utilities named, and the state government in respect to the state utilities, and the municipal government in respect to the municipal utilities, shall issue short term operating franchises to self-governing associations which are made up of individuals technically competent and necessary in the promotion of the utility in question. These franchises shall: 1, fix charges for service in consultation with the operating association, consistent with the costs of operation and with the welfare of the association membership and with the needs of the public; 2, require from the association a rental based on the percentage return of the net income, which represents in some approximate measure the value of the franchise which the community creates. (No association could be forced to accept terms disadvantageous to the enterprise or to the members, but the board granting the franchise could hold open its offer until it was evident that no competent association would accept the terms.) 3, fix the minimum requirement for upkeep and extension.

The association receiving the franchise would be granted credit by a federal reserve or other public banking institution. It would be desirable for the franchise board to fix service charges, rent, and upkeep, not only to protect the public against extortion, but so that the net income would revert in its entirety to the membership in the shape of earned income and not by wages arbitrarily fixed. The income could be divided pro rata among the members as the association from time to time determined.

If an operating association holding a franchise failed to give satisfactory service, the franchise would be renewed only on conditions of reorganization. As the management of these organizations would be decentralized the temptation "to play politics" with the situation or within the organization could be largely avoided because under a scheme of decentralized government the "plums" of office holding would not exist as they do now. The responsibility and the consequent power would be diluted as it was divided and shared. It would be to the advantage of the whole membership to secure members on the basis of ability, on the basis of technical equipment, responsibility, experience, and general intelligence. Charges for service would be fixed of necessity by the franchise board, together with the association, as price is a matter of interest to consumers as well as to the workers.

In the case of public utilities which make no

charge for service such as the public schools, or in the case of the post office which is run with a deficit, the franchise would be awarded the association together with a grant determined as now on the basis of approximate cost.

It is not possible to imagine a public service institution organized on these lines that would not radiate some of the warmth and human interest which is now so conspicuously absent from all public employment. In the case, for instance, of the chartered post office association each local postmaster and local postal clerk would be responsible to his peers, as he would be elected by them and kept in his office on their sufferance instead of "holding down his job" through "bluff" or "pull." The bungling efforts of civil service reform, appointment by competitive examinations, political patronage would fall by the way, for self-government would look after hiring and firing in the interest of the enterprise and the association. Such a scheme of organization would offer local postmasters the chance to work out methods of economy which would result to their own advantage and to the advantage of their fellow workers in the saving of time and expense. Under the present arrangement there is no inducement for a post office employee ever to concern himself with efficiency.

The public institutions which have been the most seriously perverted by centralized administration and quantitative standardization are the public schools. A recent Superintendent of Schools of a large city was in the habit of observing that it was a matter of extreme satisfaction to be able at any time during school hours to consult his watch and to know at that particular moment that thousands of children were being drilled in some one lesson on a certain page in some textbook to which he could at the moment refer. For this satisfaction the thousands of teachers and the hundreds of thousands of children paid a colossal price in spiritual and intellectual vassalage. This example may illustrate bureaucracy gone mad or centralized administration carried to perfection. It is extreme but none the less it tells the story of bureaucratic management. It indicates, in the varying degrees of its imposition, the inhibiting results for teachers and children. If the schools in any measure meet the needs of education they must represent conditions which are as changing as the conditions of growth. This can only be assured when the teachers coming in direct contact with the individual children and their changing needs are free to meet and take up the problems. Teachers will not experience this freedom until they are sufficiently alive to the fact of their own enslavement in the system, and until they are ready to assume the responsibility of promoting a school organiza-

tion which responds to the needs of the children and which translates their own present dull and thankless job into a creative adventure.

It would be unfortunate to leave the impression that bureaucratic management results exclusively from state administration. I have mentioned the proposition of the railroad brotherhoods which was opposed to state administration and in favor of an alternative which was no less bureaucratic in its promised results. The grave danger in England at the present moment is that the opposition to the movement of the rank and file of workers toward

decentralized administration of all enterprise, will be able to convert the established trade unions into extra-legal organizations as much concerned to retain centralized power as any state or business corporation. It is not necessary to remark in closing that the executive council of the American Federation would assume such position, if the occasion offered, with a sense of their mission fulfilled and their efforts crowned in royal fashion. Will the rank and file in America take care?

HELEN MAROT.

Experimental Schools

IN STRANGE CONTRAST to the turbulent efforts of men to reorganize old institutions is the peace, if peace means quiescence, which continues without serious disturbance in the educational world below the university line. If some day the teachers of the lower schools are fired with a desire to experiment they will discover that they must take the administration of the schools as well as the formulation of policy and methods over into their own hands. That is what has been done by a few teachers here and there throughout the country who have realized that the school systems and education are irreconcilable. The experimental schools which these teachers have promoted may have their relation some day to the general reorganization of the lower schools, as they show that if the method of growth of children is discovered and followed a larger field in a shorter period of time can be covered by the school. Such demonstrations will sow seeds of dissension in the world of the lower schools and even now, if the material which these experimental schools have brought to light could be assembled, something might be done to disturb the peace.

To begin with, the experimental method is pre-eminently the method of little children. If we were at all observant we should not have to be told that the method is in good working order among babies up to the age of four or before they are consigned to some educational institution. Up to that time they are occupied with growing. They have experimented with their own small bodies to such advantage that they have acquired the art of walking, talking, and the use of their hands. They have learned these complicated operations more rapidly than they will be allowed to learn anything else in the future. Why is it that schools bent on getting children over ground at a maximum pace reverse the lead which the children themselves give?

After children have acquired the degree of motor

control which they commonly do during babyhood, they are confronted with the organized world around them. But their natural method of experimentation with this organized material is constantly inhibited, as their experimental handling of it inevitably comes into conflict with some adult possessive interest. Their activities are curtailed and regulated at home and their experiments are supplanted and forestalled at school. Experimental schools, in opposition to this practice, undertake to protect the environment of the children so that they may carry on their experiments with confidence and freedom. It is important to realize that the environment from babyhood to the sixth year must yield to the child's method of play, and that play is the child's application of the trial and error method of science to people and to the things about him. The kindergarten was founded on the play idea, but the kindergarten is a *system of teaching* the children how to play. The kindergarten acknowledges the play activities of children in general, but not recognizing their desire to experiment, it undertakes to socialize the activities of a period which is distinctly individual.

The Montessori, distinguished from the kindergarten method, is a system of training. It gives the children more freedom to move about in their environment and to choose what they will do, but the material from which they have to choose is designed to *train*. The odium of teaching is transferred from the teacher to blocks, to bits of fabric, to weights, to sandpaper letters, and to figures. The children may not use this material to carry out purposes of their own, but only for the purpose for which it was originally designed. As the children's use of material is limited, so is their development. Purpose and purposefulness are the striking signs of growth in the period which follows babyhood. In the Montessori schools the children's activities do not function from their own point of view. The children

build a stair but they cannot put it to use. The adult intention lying back of each of the Montessori training sets is completed when the object is complete. Putting the object to use might become a practice and so the adult intention would be lost.

Both the teaching system of the kindergarten and the training system of the Montessori are opposed to the method of the children's experimentation. An experimental school, on the other hand, undertakes to be a part of the children's environment, to watch the children while they grow, to discover and meet their growth requirements as they appear. Children cannot be taught to grow, but they can be furnished with conditions which are conducive to growth. They cannot be trained to grow; our knowledge is necessarily insufficient, and always must be. If we undertake to train some one of the senses we may be stultifying others. Normal growth does not break up in this or the other direction; it takes place as a whole.

In the experimental schools the teachers and the children are both the experimenters. The teachers are continuously trying out the value to the child of different kinds of materials and situations, and the children are continuously experimenting with the materials which are available and learning through these at first hand to make adjustments, generalizations, and conclusions. The teacher directs the child to sources of information as well as material so that he may have the stimulating experience of answering himself the questions the experience excites. The questions and the answers point constantly to new fields and opportunities.

The character of these opportunities is more or less dependent upon the location of the school. If it is a country school the teacher's problems are simplified. The environment is replete with raw material, that is, with matter which has not been made over. The child's interests and processes in this environment naturally follow more or less physical laws of growth and are less complicated than those which he will meet in the city. But it is possible in the city to give children under six years opportunity to answer the queries which the actual problems of transportation turn up, and to follow with intense interest, if they are given the chance, the transfer of material by rail, water, or through the city streets. They will observe and inquire into cars, wagons, tug or river boats, trains, delivery carts, with curiosity and with ability to understand the major part of the progression of such vehicles. Where are they going? what makes them go? what are they carrying and why? are questions which result in lessons in economics, geography, and physics. But the actual knowledge gained is less important than that the children are learning how

to observe and are forming habits of work. The pupils learn by living over in their play the experiences which their inquiries excited. In this play they need building material, carpenters' tools, and toys which are representative. They require drawing material, and outdoor space where they can dig and build. They will use all material, if they are given free access to it without suggestion, to try out on their own scale of operation what they have seen going on in the world about them.

Somewhere between the seventh and eighth year the interests of children and their methods of expression undergo changes. Up to this time they have reproduced adult existence by the method of play. As they have made their acquaintance with material their desire to play with it is modified; it does not fully satisfy them as it did. They want in part to turn the material or their activities to some real use. This does not mean that children at this time have turned from the world of phantasy to a world of reality; they have always been interested in reality, but they have acquired a greater familiarity with it, and with the familiarity comes the desire for better workmanship. They want now for the first time *some* training and *some* teaching. There has been a general recognition that children were ready for both at this time, and the formal schools have undertaken to meet this requirement by giving them academic material; but the acquisition of the three R's is merely the acquisition of tools, and these are tools which fail to give children of this age the help they want in their translation of the real world. All this academic matter, which few children can put to any use, has the tendency to make life more visionary, less comprehensible and real; its tendency is to make adjustment to the actual environment more difficult and the environment itself more remote.

Many of the formal schools, in place of books and in place of hours of listening to the words of a teacher, are trying to meet the real needs of the children through first-hand experience in different forms of handwork. Whether the real need is met depends upon whether the applications are to things which are real to the children. Mere handwork does not suffice. It must be handwork with a purpose which the children understand. Incidentally the children turn to the formalized material on which they are exclusively fed in the regular schools, as they discover here and there that books and figures are helpful tools. They learn the actual value of this academic matter as they experience its use.

As children advance toward adolescence the experimental method of dealing with environment has the same significance. The indication of growth at this time is the shifting of the children's interest

from the things which serve them individually, to what as well serves others, and particularly what serves the adult purpose. Through this period social desires and realization are advancing on a crescendo scale. Teachers have more to guide them in formulating their school work for this period, for they are more in sympathy with the children's minds.

Having said so much for the experimental method, I must add that the contribution of the experimental schools is as yet negative rather than positive in character. They can, for instance, dem-

onstrate that the regular school systems which handle children in the mass and standardize procedure on the factory principle dwarf as well as retard the children. The experimental schools hope to set up standards, but when they do they will not be standards which can be standardized. They represent a never ending line of experiences to be pooled, and they indicate advances which have goals which are as various and as changing as the goals of individuals whether those are adult or juvenile.

CAROLINE PRATT.

A Perspective of Death

DEATH IS THE LASTING aspect of a world at peace no less than of the world at war. For peace times, however, death is the contingency of the adventure of living, a sudden enemy springing from the dark; while to men at war, death is the whole adventure—the hazard, and the purpose no less, of both the slayer and the slain. There are casualty lists only in times of war. Then the eyes of death, stare all men in the face, its nearness hurts, and we turn from it, and our poets and prophets extol the vigor and the passion of the life of battle, and orphans and widows and mothers are told to think only of the glories which their dead have saved, and not of the peace of the tomb. Rarely, in war time, do peoples look upon death undisguised. And in no other time, perhaps, have they greater need so to observe it and so to know it. Only the remote in time and spirit appear able for this, able to designate its being and to find its right perspective. Four years of much war literature has brought us nothing out of the immediate worthy the dignity of death. So far as I know, there have been printed but two works adequate to the high call of the world's tragedy, and both are evocations from the past. One came, early in the war, from the hands of the poet laureate. It was an anthology of the serenities and high places of the soul, of its quietude and self-possession. Its collector called it *The Spirit of Man*. The other was an English version of the noblest confrontation of death that literature knows—the poem of Lucretius, called *Of the Nature of Things* (Dutton), done into blank verse by William Ellery Leonard. "He has," says Mr. Leonard of himself, "loved Lucretius for many years, and the mighty spirit of the Roman has helped him to sustain many of the burdens of life. He can but hope that he has not altogether failed to communicate him to English and American readers ignorant of Latin. Lucretius is indeed a voice for these supreme times."

That he has made a communication of Lucretius Mr. Leonard may be well assured. He has uttered, in his own measure, something of both the beat and the passion of the Roman verse. His diction reproduces the Lucretian abbondanza, and his pieties and perhaps his temperament are not alien to the Lucretian conspectus of life and death. Yet it is by no means certain that the excellences of his abounding verse make up for its limitations. Its metrical necessities have often stood in the way of clearness, and have, perhaps more than anything else, caused us to miss that justness and adequacy of expression with which Lucretius so many times captures the mind and which prose translation has managed to set down. Pick at random one of the oft-quoted passages, such as the rendering of is a true test—say that at the close of the third book—

Iam iam non domus accipiet te laeta, neque uxor . . .
Mr. Leonard renders it:

Thee now no more
The joyful house and best of wives shall welcome,
Nor little sons run up to snatch their kisses
And touch with silent happiness thy heart,
Thou shalt not speed in undertakings more,
Nor be the warder of thine own no more.
"Poor wretch," they say, "one hostile hour hath ta'en
Wretchedly from thee all life's many guerdons,"
But add not, "yet no longer unto thee
Remains a remnant of desire for them."
If this they only well perceived with mind
And followed up with maxims, they would free
Their state of man from anguish and from fear.
"O even as here thou art, aslumber in death,
So shalt thou slumber down the rest of time,
Released from every harrowing pang. But we,
We have bewept thee with insatiate woe,
Standing aside whilst in the awful pyre
Thou wert made ashes; and no day shall take
For us the eternal sorrow from the breast."
But ask the mourner what's the bitterness
That man should waste in an eternal grief,
If, after all, the thing's but sleep and rest?
and set it beside this prose of Mackail's:

Now no more shall a glad home and a true wife welcome thee, nor darling children race to snatch thy first

kisses and touch thy heart with a sweet and silent content; no more mayest thou be prosperous in thy doings and a defense to thine own; "alas and woe!" say they, "one disastrous day has taken all these prizes of thy life away from thee,"—but therewith they do not add this, "and now no more does any longing for these things beset thee." This did their thought but clearly see and their speech follow, they would release themselves from great heart-sore and fear. "Thou, indeed, as thou art sunk in the sleep of death, wilt so be for the rest of the ages, severed from all weary pains; but we, while close by us thou didst turn ashen on the awful pyre, made unappeasable lamentation, and everlasting shall time never rid our heart of anguish." Ask we then this of him, what there is that is so very bitter, if sleep and peace be the conclusion of the matter, to make one fade away in never-ending grief? Beside this, Mr. Leonard's verse gives one a sense, not altogether correct, of literalness without accuracy, of passion without elevation, of clamor. Mackail's key is too subdued for Lucretius, as Leonard's is too strident. Both miss the Lucretian poignancy, that eager deliberation and passionate quietude of his verse, which render it so truly the voice of his vision.

But such is the fate of translators anywhere. The marvel is rather that they should at all, in Mr. Leonard's suggestive analogy, have re-enacted anything of their original's being and have caused it to live in the new body they have given it. With Lucretius this is particularly difficult, so spiritual and uncustomary a thing is his vision. An almost unknown poet, of a despised philosophic sect, with a courage about ultimacies men hate each other for, his one poem passed, preserved by a single manuscript, down the Christian ages, with a stigma upon its worth and the life of its author at the hands of a sainted chronicler of a Christian church. Dante does not mention him, nor does he figure noticeably in the thoughts of men until the imaginings of philosophers have become the truths of science, and the face of the world has had stripped away the mask which the Church had drawn over it. Since then his lovers have become myriads, but his temper has remained essentially alien to our Christian times. Why, may be gathered from what the stripping revealed. It was, by and large, that which Lucretius had seen—a universe of atoms and space, bound by inexorable law in a single process of alternate integration and dissolution; of worlds made and unmade under the alternate sway of Venus and Mars, poetic personifications of two forces, really the flow and the ebb of the one cosmic tide which is existence.

Foam and spindrift of this tide, man shares its character and destiny. The Nature which breeds him destroys him also, and all his life is a battle with death. Indeed, the love of life and the fear of death are in him one and the same thing. They make his pieties, his patriotism, his acquisitiveness, his ambition, and his love. They drive him from

the kindness and simplicity of elemental living to the cruelties, the complexities, the wars, the enslavements, and the other inhumanities men call civilization. They drive and compel him because he is ignorant of their nature and of his own powers and limitations. Let him learn to know them, and he is set free of them. He sees them then in their true measure and proportion, incidents in the effectuation of inexorable law; his mind identifies itself with this law, his love of life relaxes, and when his love of life relaxes, the fear of death falls away. For the fear of death is the greatest of all fears, the ruling passion in the life of the sons of man, the energy of all the tragedies men inflict upon each other. Yet it rests upon ignorance and upon illusion. The fear of death is the fear of nothing; the fear merely of the sleep and peace which are "the conclusion of the matter." The fear of death, in a word, is the instinct toward living, against which argument cannot prevail. Its follies and absurdities may be exposed, its foundation laid bare, and its setting discovered, and that is all. Once this is done, however, as Epicurus has done it, the intensities of life are weakened; the spirit has changed its role from actor to spectator. It is free and at rest above the battle, serene and self-sufficient.

nought

There is more goodly than to hold the high
Serene plateaus, well fortressed by the wise,
Whence thou mayst look below on other men
And see them ev'rywhere wand'ring, all dispersed
In their lone seeking for the road of life;
Rivals in genius, or emulous in rank,
Pressing through days and nights with hugest toil
For summits of power and mastery of the world.'

This is, of course, essentially asceticism. But it has nothing in it of the asceticism of tradition. No medieval skeleton, with *memento mori* upon its lips. No mortification of the true normalities of life. It is a withdrawal rather of the mind's attention to the ardent indifferences, the dynamic impartialities of a Nature to which living and dying are all one: "Nature for herself harks after nothing." It is the antipodes of Stoicism, for the Stoic accepts everything, and this is a great rejection. It is the antipodes of Christianity because to Christian materialism death is the gate to hell or paradise, and its *memento mori* is a minatory warning of a world to come. To Lucretius and the purer Epicurean tradition death is a thing not to be remembered but, because of its very inevitability, to be disregarded. A mind contemplative of Nature's eternal laws is a free mind. It accepts its span of selfhood for its period and its proper worth, and when it ends, it ends. The rest is silence.

H. M. KALLEN.

London, February 20

LIFE IN LONDON HAS BEEN rather flat during the past month. I judge this from the fact that we are all inclined to buzz a little about the election of Sir Aston Webb to the Presidency of the Royal Academy. Sir Aston is the first architect who has ever received this distinction; and, whatever may have been the motives which the electors imagined as persuading them, I assume that the cosmic purpose in the matter was to assure us that the Royal Academy was as dead as architecture or that architecture was as dead as the Royal Academy—it does not much matter which. Several painters of the modern school have raised a yelp of protest. Apparently they were still hoping that the Academy might earn their approval by electing Mr. Sargent. If an architect must be elected, they said, why not Lutyens, who is a good and progressive architect? But the Academy goes its own way without reference to the modern school. It chose the man most representative of its own spirit—the man who designed the Victoria Memorial and refronted Buckingham Palace, a man who knows what is expected of an eminent architect and who invariably fulfills expectations. The correct attitude in the affair was observed by the Academy itself and by Mr. Jacob Epstein. Mr. Epstein, being questioned, replied that he had nothing to say, that the Academy was a business house and had no connection with art, and that he had, therefore, no concern with its proceedings. It seems to me quite clear that the younger artists who ostentatiously decline to have any dealings with the Academy are a little ridiculous when they betray a benevolent interest in the choice of its President. But young painters in revolt always tend to be a little ridiculous. Meanwhile the Academy is inviting the laughter of mankind by discussing the proposition that Academicians shall retire at the age of seventy-five.

Another event of interest is the appearance of the first pages of a new serial by Mr. Conrad. The history of this writer's reputation is one of the curiosities of modern literature. He has been "before the public," I suppose, for more than twenty years, and almost from his first book his reputation was assured with all the mighty persons whose opinions count. He combined, moreover, a fine creative imagination and an exquisite prose style with a choice of characters, incidents, and settings that would have made the fortune of a writer of "penny bloods." Nevertheless, he proved to be a delight only for the few; and, as time went on, it seemed to be obvious that he must be content with

the admiration of men of letters, and particularly of novelists, and with the certainty of enduring fame. These are not despicable rewards; but some fortunate writers manage to add to them others of a more physically satisfying character. In 1912 or 1913, however, a Civil List pension was granted to Mr. Conrad, a grant which does not usually come the way of the "best seller." Then at the end of 1913, or the beginning of 1914, he published *Chance*, and suddenly the scene was changed. I suppose the idea that Mr. Conrad was a great novelist had been slowly germinating for years in the breasts of the persons who really sell novels; and at this opportunity it burgeoned forth. The newspapers were filled with immense reviews, the book's name was on everyone's lips—you know what I mean when I say "everyone"—and several editions were printed. Now, *Chance*, though a fine book, is not in my judgment Mr. Conrad's best; but since its appearance he has been a popular, as well as a famous, novelist. He is not, if I estimate his character correctly from his writings, much moved by the change. It is an event which will rejoice his colleagues more than himself; but in years of doubt and depression it is an event which rejoices his colleagues very considerably.

A little while ago I referred to the probability that the old wearisome discussions about the Higher Drama would be revived with the end of the war. Now I am told that the Higher Drama is in for a very bad time indeed. This is due to two facts. In the first place, Western theaters have grown so exceedingly costly that only a syndicate, and a very wealthy syndicate at that, can possibly hope to undertake the risks involved in leasing them. In the second place, two such syndicates have arisen and are gradually swallowing up theater after theater. The old actor-manager, whose demand for a place—a permanent place—in the limelight used so much to irritate the exponents of the Higher Drama, has already almost disappeared; and the Higher Dramatists are beginning to miss him. He was, they say, a creature of strange tastes and methods and preposterous vanities; but there was a strain of idealism in his character. He did not care wholly for loot, he cared something for artistic success and a good deal for his reputation. But the new syndicates are mere caterers, on the same level as the proprietors of multiple tea-shops. They will find out what the public is prepared to pay for, and they will give it precisely that, indifferent to any other qualities in the goods they handle. More-

over, it is obvious that the more theaters the syndicates control, the more secure they will be against the chances and misfortunes that commonly assail theatrical enterprises. The Higher Dramatists do not look for much help from the syndicates, and they are in consequence very unhappy.

But I can see two possible mitigations of the doom they anticipate. The greater the success of the syndicates the more powerful is likely to be the inevitable reaction against it; and I can see that reaction taking the shape of a National Theater in London, and numerous and enterprising municipal theaters in the provinces. The theater is, in all conscience, bad enough; and, perhaps, it must be worse before it can be better. On the other hand, it does seem to me possible that unity of control may involve greater diversity of production. At present what happens is this: a manager makes a hit with a farce containing a slightly risque scene in a bathroom; and promptly every other manager in London rushes on to the stage a new farce also containing a scene in a bathroom. But the syndicate, when it makes a hit of this kind, will not, if I may so express myself, put all its eggs in one bathroom. It will find it more profitable to reserve certain theaters for certain kinds of plays, and so tap all sections of the public at once. Thus the Higher Drama, which really has a following, if not a large one, will get its innings after all.

And I am persuaded that the public which will pay to witness artistically serious drama is larger than anyone has yet been able to demonstrate. The public was never enthusiastic about the gloomier plays of Mr. Galsworthy and his followers—it had no great interest in tragic seductions in the country; the darkness of life in the industrial districts failed

to stir its blood. But, though you would not gather it from hearing the Higher Dramatists talk, these genres do not really exhaust all the possibilities. It is not a fact, as is often believed, that the public dislikes a thing to be good. The public dislikes intensely to be bored; and it sometimes finds good art so difficult to follow as to be boring. But a thing is not necessarily good art because it bores the public. The gloomier works of the Higher Dramatists attracted nobody but a few persons desirous of appearing intellectual. The public were repelled by the dullness of the stuff, and persons of taste were repelled simply because it was not good art. But I can see, if only faintly, a type of play that we shall all equally like and respect; and that type of play, I dare to affirm, is the play in verse. The public, though it has had few recent opportunities of finding it out, likes good verse well spoken. It is at present immensely enjoying a production of *Twelfth Night*, which is particularly distinguished by the beautiful elocution of some of the performers. The Elizabethan drama sprang out of this public appetite; if enough of our young poets will turn their attention to the stage and make up their minds to try and to fail and to keep on trying, they may stimulate this appetite anew. Stephen Phillips succeeded; but he was not good enough either as a poet or as a dramatist for his success to last; and practically all the other poetic dramatists of recent times have been well intentioned, and sometimes excellent, poets without the slightest notion how to work on an audience. I suppose really that I am the only person in London who looks on the prospects of the Higher Drama with a cheerful eye. The exponents of it do not, nor do those who have witnessed its performances.

EDWARD SHANKS.

I Watch One Woman Knitting

The lamplight rings her in a golden space,
And isles her in from all the eager dark;
She cannot see me where I sit and mark
The disappearing pageant on her face:
Those swiftest thoughts, and moods, and whims like lace,
Impermanent as winds across the grass
One after one they rise and change and pass,
One after one, and leave no slightest trace.

Her's is the peace of a cathedral close.
The lamp's warm glow has walled her all about
In deepest quiet from the world without—
Until I cannot think how well she knows
That just beyond this circle where she sits,
They clash and curse and die, for whom she knits.

DAVID MORTON.

THE DIAL

GEORGE DONLIN

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, *Editor*

CLARENCE BRITTON

JOHN DEWEY

In Charge of the Reconstruction Program:

THORSTEIN VEBLEN

HELEN MAROT

IN NO DEPARTMENT OF THE MODERN WORLD HAS the tendency toward democracy been more pronounced than in education. An analysis of the process into its factors clearly shows the change from the Renaissance to the modern school. These factors are three—the subject matter, the teacher, and the pupil. In respect to each the education of the Renaissance was aristocratic. The subject matter was conventionally prescribed, a group of classics whose value was a matter of authority, not of experience. The teaching was autocratic; the possession of the text in a dead language gave the teacher an absolute control over his pupils. The fact that the subject matter was remote from the immediate needs and interests of ordinary existence automatically restricted its followers to a special caste. Culture was the concern of an institution—it was academic, as religion was ecclesiastic. The appearance of Comenius, almost contemporary with that of Bacon and the scientific Renaissance, marked the beginning of the modern tendency; the exclusion of purely conventional learning, the use of the vernacular, the introduction of an objective method, above all the concept of a school system which should extend education to the people—these ideas projected by the seventeenth century reformer are gradually being achieved. In the last few years the progress has been notable. No longer is the teacher an autocrat. From the earliest experimental school to the university seminar the teacher works with his classes in a spirit of cooperation. No longer is the subject matter prescribed, conventional, remote from life. The defense of the study of the so-called classics is now based on their vital quality as a record of experience. Practical study of the world, technical study of the arts are part of every curriculum. In method, experiment has replaced authority. These changes in subject matter and method have made education necessarily democratic in appeal. It has become an initiation into life of which all men feel the need, and resent the lack—for themselves and their children.

But in this triumphant movement of education in the direction of democracy there is one point of friction. It is the point at which the system of education is in contact with that of society and government. The control of education by persons outside the system, of endowed universities and col-

leges by trustees, of state institutions and public schools by regents and school boards, results in a limitation of its natural democratic tendencies. In the direction of subject matter political have taken the place of literary or religious conventions. A conventional political economy, political science, and history have been imposed, and any attempt by the teacher or the pupil to break through this shell and touch the core of human experience within is bitterly resented by those who represent the social control of vested interests. Similarly the method of experiment and testimony is ruled out as soon as it is applied to current political and social phenomena. The teacher is prevented from joining his pupils in a search for truth, but is compelled to resume his old papal seat of authority. Of all these types of limitation and impediment the relations of the New York Board of Education with the teachers during the past year afford ample illustration. The influence of war psychology was a natural and reasonable excuse for the attitude shown by the Board and its superintendents while the country was at war, but it is significant that with the return to peace the feeling which was developed for nationalistic purposes has been transferred to social ends. Instead of Germany, Russia is the object of patriotic animadversion. The investigations and trials of teachers held by the Board of Education are pitiful spectacles. On the one hand is the teacher, accused of something which in most cases amounts to making personal reservations of opinion in regard to the phenomena of the world instead of enforcing arbitrarily the official view, and of inviting his pupils to make use of the method of experiment and testimony. On the other hand there is the organization, aided by the officious zeal of its servants to whom the espionage habit has become second nature. Between them stands a flock of pupils, their minds driven this way and that by examination and cross-examination, victims of the war as certainly as if they had been drafted and sent to the front. It is nothing short of sabotage of education. Similar reports come from Washington where a teacher, expressing the opinion that "the Soviet Government in Russia was better for Russia than was the absolutism of the Czar" was charged with "unpatriotic utterances" and suspended. The superintendent has barred discussion of the League of Nations together with Bolshevism, in spite of the fact that the

teaching of current topics is required, and it is a literal impossibility to exclude these subjects from discussion in classes in modern history and economics.

The remedy for this maladjustment is immediate and obvious. It is simply to give teachers control of education, to restrict the functions of school boards and trustees to business management. It is to be noted that this is the demand everywhere of labor that respects itself—responsibility for production. Responsibility is the only way of introducing that *esprit de corps* which has been defined as consisting in thinking in terms of the enterprise rather than of the job. It is characteristic of workers that under a system of responsibility they make few mistakes in choosing their leaders—men and women of initiative and originality. But the true analogy is not between teachers and labor, but between education and other professions. To quote Dr. Kallen (*THE DIAL*, Feb. 28, 1918): "To the discoverers and creators of Knowledge, and to its transmitters and distributors, to these and to no one else beside belongs the control of education. It is as absurd that any but teachers and investigators should govern the art of education as that any but medical practitioners and investigators should govern the art of medicine."

IT IS CLEAR THAT ANY COVENANT OF PEACE among nations will depend for its validity upon the activity of its supporters in all countries in taking advantage of the opportunity offered for international cooperation to remove the causes of war. No one need be told today that of these causes armament and military training are two of the most immediate. It is not too much to say that every country may test its will to end war by its readiness to disarm, and the weakness of this will is revealed by the feeble and uncertain character of the provisions of the Covenant in this matter. There is all the more reason, therefore, that believers in international peace should manifest their faith by national action. The principle is recognized by the Covenant of armament graduated according to the geographical circumstances of the contracting parties. Clearly the part is suggested to the United States of leading the way in showing confidence in reason and good will instead of bayonets and iron-clads. And the part should not be a difficult one. The people of the United States are normally pacific and they have had enough experience of the spiritual ravages of war to recognize the symptoms of the disease. They have never built the system of general military service into their social structure, or crowned the edifice with a military caste. The result of the recent mobilization seems on the whole to have given the people a pronounced distaste for military experience, and this distaste is apparently strongest among those who participated most ac-

tively in that experience. At the same time it is clear that no merely passive attitude on the part of a people will stand against powerful forces working to subvert it, and a democratically organized people is peculiarly liable to attack by such forces through the institution of representative government. It seems probable that the issue of universal military service will appear well to the front in the next presidential campaign, and meanwhile the sponsors for it are active in the various states. In these the method is to make military training a part of the high school course, and the question thus becomes an educational one. A law to this effect, in New York, hastily conceived and irregularly enforced, is now undergoing scrutiny as to its educational value. Similar bills are pending in the legislatures of Pennsylvania, Missouri, and California. In Oregon such a bill has failed; in New Jersey the adverse report of the legislative committee on military drill in high schools has probably proved decisive. The organizations which for one purpose or another are seeking to carry such bills in the several states, as the basis of a plan of national military service, have placed the question squarely on educational grounds. The Security League sent its most brilliant orator to the last meeting of the National Education Association to clamor for its endorsement. It is altogether proper that the opinion of teachers should be decisive on this phase of the matter. If teachers have little influence with local authorities in which control of education is specifically vested, at least they have the power of organized citizens to secure political action which shall be representative of the community, and of themselves, in a matter on which they have a supreme right to be heard.

THE VICTORY LOAN SHOULD BE THE OCCASION for the exhibition of a new spirit if the League of Nations is to be worth the paper on which it is drawn up. The Liberty Bonds were sold largely on hate. The appeal carried to the ear of the people by four-minute oratory, or to the eye of the people by posters and moving-pictures, was supported by lavish representations of the malevolence of the enemy. That these were in part false was indicated by the action of General Pershing in withdrawing from active salesmanship a sergeant who was telling atrocity stories unwarranted by anything in the actual experience of the troops. At the same time this popular feeling was used as a measure of coercion against citizens who did not manifest the degree of financial patriotism demanded by the standards of the community. The Secretary of the Treasury fulminated against pacifists. The extent to which organized coercion was practiced under the direction of local managers is revealed in an article in *The New Republic* for March 29, entitled *Borrowing with a Club*. It is hardly necessary to point

out that such methods, emphasizing division in public opinion, will not serve to advance the prospects of the present loan. The government has been unable to secure, so far as we know, the punishment of a single person for illegal proceedings in connection with the sale of Liberty Bonds. It is not to be expected that it will be able to mark its disapproval of their methods by relieving these active patriots from the management of the present loan. As in the case of leaders and inciters of mob violence, the energy and aggressiveness shown by such persons are qualities with which the government will hesitate to dispense. But the spirit and method of their appeal must be totally different if the distinction between the Liberty Loans and the Victory Loan is to be maintained. The victory, which is properly to be celebrated by new sacrifices, was a victory won for the whole world. The fruits of that victory are to be found in a reunion of the world toward which nothing can contribute so much at the present time as the feeding of the starving, the clothing of the naked, wherever they may be, among our late enemies as among our allies. Is it too much to suggest emphasis upon this generous aspect of the sacrifice? The victory was won for democracy at home as well as abroad. The fruits of that victory are to be found in a reunion of Americans on the basis of their freedom, toward which reunion nothing can contribute so much at the present time as the release of those in prison for conscience' or opinion's sake. In many cases a recalcitrant attitude toward the Liberty Loans was one of the indictments brought against those convicted under the Espionage Act. To what extent this attitude was engendered and reenforced by the illegal methods of the managers of the loans is a matter deserving honest inquiry. The withholding of supply has been a time-honored weapon by which the Anglo-Saxons have maintained their liberties, and to some citizens the Liberty Loans were doubtless presented as a form of taxation, as unjust and illegal as Ship Money or the Stamp Tax. The government could manifest the spirit of victory and confidence in the results of the war in no way more eloquently than by opening the drive for a Victory Loan by a general amnesty to all victims of laws enacted for the emergency of war.

THE UNIVERSITY PROMISES TO BE THE LAST citadel of sex privilege. The granddaughters of the women who won from prejudice the opportunity to study in college on equal terms with men have yet to secure the same opportunity in the better professional schools. During most of these years, moreover, the public, and many of the private, colleges have been conferring degrees on women, admitting them to the "fellowship of educated men"—the fellowship, but not the profession. For though their scholarship carry the academic seal of approval and

their record show the full apprenticeship exacted by an ancient and jealous guild, they have not yet—except here and there, and in inconsiderable numbers—the opportunity to teach on equal terms with men. They may clerk in libraries, drudge in administrative offices, mark themes, correct exercises, and aspire to infrequent instructorships; but—except here and there, and in inconsiderable numbers—they may not enter the faculty proper and achieve the rewards, niggardly enough, that men finally receive for the apprentice years of overwork and underpay. Before the war this situation was an anachronism: today, when women have convinced the world of their capacity to perform nearly all tasks that men perform, it is becoming a peril. Attracted by the current demand in other fields, with better wages and nearer approximation to sex equality, large numbers of the more independent (and by the same sign more valuable) women are being drawn away from academic life. If the colleges find it difficult to retain the services of men of initiative, how can they hope to keep their women teachers unless they level the humiliating and indefensible barrier of sex discrimination? There is a certain type of academic mind that professes indifference to the breaches made in university personnel by the greater attractiveness of secular pursuits. It finds something unworthy in the teacher who is swayed at all by considerations of wage or working hours. But it is a mind that is increasingly incongruous in the world for which our colleges are preparing our youth. Sooner or later it must give way before modern demands, just as sooner or later the colleges must accept the modern world's estimate of women's sphere. But will it be so late that we shall yet witness the spectacle of educators arguing before women legislators that woman's place is in the home?

UNDER THE ACID TEST OF EVERYDAY PSYCHOLOGY our pedagogy still shows a considerable blind-spot. One of the minor evidences of its existence is the prevailing practice of writing two distinct prefaces or "forewords" in our high school and collegiate textbooks—one labeled To the Teacher, and the other To the Pupil. To the discerning student this bifocal adjustment is apt to appear in the nature of an implied condescension. It is like coming to the branching of a road, with one fork winding upward to the instructor and the other sloping slightly down grade for the assumed mental convenience of the student. With a modicum of ingenuity it ought to be possible for the author of a textbook to merge these separate messages—to start with a salutary "meeting of the minds" of teacher and pupil—and thus pave the way for a more unified approach to the stuff of his ensuing chapters. The innovation would certainly be more adroit—and therefore better psychology.

Foreign Comment

THE SOVIETS AND THE SCHOOLS

An editorial on Americanism and Bolshevism appeared in the Chicago Daily Tribune on February 6. The whole of it shows how poorly informed the editors are on Russian affairs. I was especially astounded by the following passage: "We build schoolhouses. The Bolsheviks shoot school teachers. The school teachers know too much."

In reality, the first order of the Soviet power which reached the villages in November, 1917, was a decree for the increase of the salaries of village teachers almost fourfold. Further orders of the Soviet power abolished directors and inspectors of public schools—those Czarist agents of public "unenlightenment" who have through some misunderstanding survived the Provisional Governments. In their places elected Soviets of People's Education were organized in every county. And finally, on August 26, 1918, an All-Russian Convention on Education was called in Moscow. When opening this convention the Commissar of People's Education, Lunacharsky, thus characterized the problems of the Government in regard to schools:

The revolution of October 25 [November 7] made the school problem one of the most important problems. The struggle of the people is carried on in three directions: (1) for state power, (2) for economic power, (3) for knowledge. . . . Never was the work on this planet as fruitful as that of the past ten months. The same with the school. The people cannot direct the economy and the life of the country if they are not educated. The school is subject to revolutionary reforms. It must not be built anew, it must only be rebuilt radically. . . . We want the maximum development of the schools. The wish of the present power is to give greater and better educational opportunities. . . . It is already possible to work more normally. We have not passed the danger yet; the military struggle is still on, but this period is comparatively normal and there is a possibility of getting to work in the rear. The Commissariat is almost complete; the pedagogues are with us and the school reform must be realized this year.

What does this reform consist of? In spite of the opinion of the Chicago Daily Tribune it consists of nothing more than the Americanization of the Russian schools. The American schools are undoubtedly the best and, Free Russia makes great use of this experiment. At the present time the following has already been accomplished:

- (1) The schools have been taken out of the hands of the clergy and religion as a compulsory subject has been abolished.
- (2) All schools are free.
- (3) Coeducation of boys and girls has been introduced in all schools.
- (4) The participation of the pupils in some school affairs is permitted (school republics).

But the main reform of the Russian schools con-

sists of the creation of a *continuous school system*, which was in the process of creation already in November, as one may judge by copies of Russian newspapers which came to hand. To an American who always had a continuous school system this reform is not quite clear, for it is difficult for him to picture the Russian schools as they were during the Czar's regime. Until the very outbreak of the revolution the Russian statutes divided the Russian "subjects" into two classes: the privileged (3 per cent), and the tax-paying (97 per cent). For each of these classes there were separate schools. For the former there were gymnasiums (high schools), universities, and polytechnical institutes; for the latter, village and city schools. The completion of a course in these schools did not give the pupil the right to enter high school. Furthermore, the admission of children of tax-paying "subjects" was prohibited altogether in some high schools. And those who, according to the law, had the right to enter high schools were deprived of this right by all sorts of circulars of the Czar's ministers, who recommended the directors not to heed this right.

By a continuous school system we mean the right of the pupil, who has been graduated from grammar school—city or village—to enter high school and after that a university or a polytechnical institute. This reform involves the increase of the number of high schools and the revision of the program of the grammar schools.

It is also worth while to say a few words about this latter program under the old regime. The city schools with a six-year course and the zemsky village schools with a three-year course were comparatively good, although even there much time was devoted to the memorizing of prayers and of all titles not only of the Czar, but of his seventy relatives as well. But the zemsky schools have long since been looked upon suspiciously because of their liberal tendency, and they were being replaced therefore by church schools. The latter had the largest number of pupils. Some of these schools had a one-year course, others, a two-year course. Most attention in these was paid to choir singing and to the memorizing of prayers. Reading was taught in such a way "that the reader should not understand what he reads." You will no doubt think that this is a joke. But no, this is a quotation from one of the secret instructions of the Holy Synod to the prelates.

Such a state of affairs was quite natural under the autocratic regime. No wonder that its ideologist and inspirer, Pobedonoszeff, said: "Especially do we fear popular education." But it is an enigma to me why both Provisional Governments overlooked the school problem. Perhaps the fault lies in the personality of the cadet Minister of Education, whom even Boublikoff calls "absurd" in his book entitled *The Russian Revolution*.

GEORGE V. LOMONOSOFF.
New York City.

Communications

A NOBLE TRANSLATION

SIR: Yesterday was one of those golden days that have been so unusually numerous this extraordinary winter. An accumulation of tasks kept my rebellious body at my desk but my mind was forever tramping the frozen fields. And when a great wedge of honking wild geese pushed northward over the housetops, even my body deserted. But at the door I met the postman with a package from *THE DIAL*, which was just enough to send me sneaking back to duty.

I spare you any account of the pleasantries I indulged in at the expense of the editor who had thus tripped up adventure. My animus all came to this: What were you thinking of to send me another book to review? Didn't you know that I was already hopelessly buried under other unfinished work? You should have the package back unopened. You should be told, politely but firmly, to go hang.

Alas, curiosity! There could be no harm in just looking to see what the book was. Perhaps I might even want to read a little of it. I could easily enough wrap it up again, and still tell you go hang—which, after all, was the important thing. But once having seen the familiar and magnificent head of the author on the wrapper, the book was mine—mine by the divine right of appreciation. Why, sir, I have lived with that work for years. As Professor Kerr has issued, book by book, his translation of Plato's *Republic*, I have read and reread the immortal discussion. All my favorite hilltops and glens and lake-retreats know Socrates and Glaucon and Adeimantus and Thrasymachus. I have had them debate in villages before audiences gathered about that great American institution, the base-burner; in towns by the glow of the hospitable open fire; in cities when the reader's tremolo had to be reduced by a seat on the radiator. These little booklets, now worn and soiled from much traveling in knapsacks, have shortened the hours of illness, have kept alive the hope of a better social order, have encouraged philosophic temper and imaginative identification with alien times and alien creeds. No, you shall not have back the volume which now gathers them together in durable, well printed form. Instead I send you two words about it, or rather one about the book and one about the author.

Of course there are other good translations of *The Republic*. Professor Kerr's work excels in the clearness, strength, and limpid flow of his style. He has assimilated the Platonic diction and movement. The translation is agreed to be impeccable in accuracy, and it is colored all through by a wide acquaintance with the scholarly queries and cruxes pertaining to the subject. But the striking quality of the achievement is the absence of all academic flavor. One carries away the impression of having engaged

with real people in an actual discussion of living issues. And this gives the book great and permanent value for intelligent readers everywhere.

The translation has an additional value however for those who know the circumstances of its creation. For it represents the dedicated labor of years on the part of a man who had not only retired after long and honorable service at the University of Wisconsin, but who had reached a period of life when all but the rarest spirits consider themselves out of the race. Indeed the last third of the translation, accomplished after the author was over eighty-five and practically blind, was done by ear and dictation. The fact that in spite of this the freshness and clarity of style and the accuracy of scholarship are maintained to the end, so that it is quite impossible to discover any weakening of powers, to say nothing of detecting where the blindness set in, demonstrates the author's extraordinary physical and intellectual vigor. Those acquainted with the book were not surprised at the tribute recently paid in a speech at the Madison Literary Club, by Chief Justice Winslow, himself a scholar, to the fine quality of the work and the fine courage of the action.

Please accept my thanks then for *The Republic of Plato*, translated by Alexander Kerr, Litt. D., Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Wisconsin, our sturdy Scotch townsman, now ninety years old. It is not only a noble work of translation but a translation of a noble work, one that should be better known by a people who have assumed the task of making the world safe for democracy.

Madison, Wisconsin.

M. C. OTTO.

A CHANGE OF NAME.

SIR: The Seventh Annual Report of the National League on Urban Conditions among Negroes shows the universal hand of war affecting all its activities. The spread of the work incident to these extensive war activities has made it so well known to the public, that it feels this a good time to abbreviate its rather cumbersome title, and wishes to make its bow to its contributors and friends this year as the National Urban League.

The year's work shows the organization of four new cities, so that a total of thirty cities now carry on the work of community betterment among urban Negroes. The national office has been chiefly concerned with giving supervision and advice in these cities and with visiting others asking for organization; with attendance at the many national conferences held this year, especially those interested in social welfare; with placing welfare workers in industrial centers and with securing and training welfare workers for the various kinds of social work needed in the community development which the Urban League is constantly seeking to enlarge.

New York City.

LILLIAN A. TURNER,

Notes on New Books

THE FLAIL. By Newton A. Fuessle. Moffat, Yard.

In computing the damages inflicted by Germany during the war, the transformation of sound literary materials into the "timely" propagandist nonsense of *The Flail* should doubtless be taken into account. Before the Hun gave Mr. Fuessle strabismus he had recorded in his sharp, unsmiling way the realities of lower middle-class adolescence in the backwaters of Chicago, of business enterprise on LaSalle Street, and of the forced and furtive dissipations that ran below the surface of life at the University. In the transition from the timid, dreaming public-school boy to the successful man of business the author had the opportunity to show how the demands of contemporary business technique may develop a personality whose native endowments run to softness and sentimentalism, into the triumphant, self-assertive model of the Economic Man. However well Mr. Fuessle's observation had provided him with the details of such a novel, his psychology was not sensitive enough, nor his humor keen enough, to grasp the possibilities of a realistic criticism of life. Lacking insight into Rudolph Dohmer, his hero, as an individual, the author falls back upon his hero's ancestors; and since his squalid and embittered parents happen to be of German stock, every bit of theft, rapine, ruthlessness, and lack of principle that Rudolph shows is fastened extenuatingly upon his hateful forbears. Thus the interesting exploration of a new social milieu is makeshifted into an excursion into the realms of quack anthropology and quack social psychology for the purpose of raising the question of alleged pertinence during the period of reconstruction: "Is it Rudolph Dohmer's power to submerge through American association and American ideals the hereditary instincts of the German?" It is this warped mirror of pseudoscience which Mr. Fuessle holds up to life, and the consequence is a systematic perversion of values and a distortion of images. That there is any distinction between the racial inheritance common to all Western Europeans and the cultural heritage peculiar to a region or to a technology, the author simply does not grasp. Whenever the results of the American milieu become a little too painful for candid appraisal, his defense reaction is to vapor murkily about the Hun in Rudolph. The Hun is the scapegoat upon which the sins of the American business regime are fastened. Unfortunately for this comforting thesis, Nesseth and Stone and Shattuck, the advertising strategists whose habits of masterly chicane Rudolph successfully acquires, are not tainted Teutons, but patriotic, liberty-loaning, dyed-in-the-wool Americans. What pushes Rudolph forward in his career is not that he is by accident a Hun, but by accident a human being. The saddest commentary upon this drastic exposure of the terrible handicap

of an alien Prussian ancestry is that the most genial character in *The Flail* is the rough old unlettered peasant, Biltmeier, who without paltering lends the hero a thousand dollars for his college tuition. Where American associations and American ideals are set forth, on the contrary, they do not come out very creditably, and the reader is led impiously to question whether the white napery of middle-class reputability, the liveried coaches on Dearborn Avenue, and the gaudy delicacies of the cabaret are very potent elements in conveying to the unassimilated foreigner the qualities of that traditional ideal of America that one associates with Jefferson, Paine, Walt Whitman, and Lincoln. An author who sets out to prove the putative virtues of our civilization in relation to a fictitious national problem ought to be able to stack the evidence more competently.

THE VOCATIONAL RE-EDUCATION OF MAIMED SOLDIERS. By Leon de Paeuw, translated by The Baronne Moncheur and Elizabeth Kemper Barrett. Princeton University Press.

THE VOCATIONAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS AND WOMEN. By Albert H. Leake. Macmillan.

The suddenly increased interest in vocational education, responding to the demand for training war-crippled soldiers, has brought this subject out of the field of academic discussion into the open of immediately practical policies.

M. de Paeuw is Inspector General of primary education in Belgium and pedagogic inspector in the institutes for vocational re-education of wounded soldiers. His book gives an account of what Belgium, in spite of her upset condition, has accomplished in vocational re-education since 1915, and presents an object lesson in what can be done when the state whole-heartedly stands behind an educational project. The Belgian National School for Maimed Soldiers at Port-Villez includes courses of training with apprenticeship in forty-eight trades, an Auxiliary School for assistants in commerce, trade, and administration, and an Agricultural School. The apprenticeship system, through which pupils get their training in work on actual orders, secures an added value from the war-time shortage in production; and the profit on these orders, which are chiefly for the state, reduces the cost of the training course. To secure the pupil's best allround development the work is organized under three departments—the medical, the pedagogic, and the technical. It is noteworthy that the time requisite for apprenticeship in the trades proves to be much less than the time required under ordinary business conditions. Since the education of the pupil is the first consideration, his training follows a logical progression from one completed process to another, while the work produced is of merely incidental importance. It is unfortunate that the attitude of patronage characteristic of the French military mind in relation to



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the workingman is so obvious in M. de Pauw's discussion. Nevertheless, as a report of work actually being done, the book has an immediate interest to advocates of vocational education in general.

Mr. Leake opens up in stimulating fashion the whole question of education in its relation to reconstruction. We seem gradually to have accepted the idea that after the war we are to have a reform in education as an essential element in the whole scheme of economic readjustment. For a number of years in disconnected situations we have been making experiments and trying our methods urged by one or another specialist seeking a scheme of education which would bridge the constantly widening gulf between the academic methods of the school and the immediate attractions of industry. That so many children prefer to go to work at the end of the compulsory school period must be charged against the school, which has failed to take advantage of the spirit of restlessness of children at this age and their growing demand for independent expression. In our American environment, and in the particular industrial state in which we find ourselves, the "motor-minded" child who learns by doing things is predominant, and the successful school will reckon with his needs and taste no less than with those of his studious-minded brother. We want a scheme of education which shall recognize the industrial regime in which we live and cooperate with it without being dominated by it. We do not want our children, in Prussian fashion, assigned and trained to some form of industry which will turn them out skilled workers without consulting their individual inclinations or abilities. Neither do we want them put through a course of book knowledge unrelated to the world of work in which a large part of their lives will be spent. The schools must decide whether they will adapt themselves to the needs and taste of the child and so hold him a few years longer, or will hand him over to industry. Raising the compulsory school age to sixteen years, it is true, will do much, and enforcing compulsory attendance will do more; but neither method is a substitute for the sort of school which will appeal to the parent as too valuable, and to the child as too attractive, to give up for a few early dollars in industry.

As inspector in the government service for the Province of Ontario, Mr. Leake has made a study of school conditions on the Continent, in Great Britain, and in the United States. His book is a report, authoritative but condensed, of the present state of women's education for homemaking and industrial pursuits, excluding the professional field. His treatment of homemaking as an industry, but still women's chief industry, is entirely sound, and his analysis of the domestic-servant problem is illuminating. The book contains a harvest of well selected information that will be of special value to anyone who has been so busy digging in one corner of the field that he has lost perspective and needs to recover his view of the whole field.

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES; or, The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great, With the Annotations of H. Scriblerus Secundus. By Henry Fielding. Edited by James T. Hillhouse. Yale University Press.

We may speculate as to Fielding's own emotions could he perceive the scholarly attention lavished upon his life and works in handsome volumes emanating recently from New Haven. In his Modern Glossary Fielding makes "Pedantry" a synonym for "Learning"; "self-taught commentators" are objects of his ridicule; text editing and emendations he satirizes more than once in the Covent Garden Journal and elsewhere. In his *Journey from This World to the Next* (published in 1743) he lets Shakespeare announce the critical doctrine which is apparently Fielding's own—a doctrine bred of his scorn of the Shakespearean scholarship of Rowe, Theobald, Warburton, et al:

"I marvel nothing so much as that men will gird themselves at discovering obscure beauties in an author. Certes the greatest and most pregnant beauties are ever the plainest and most evidently striking; and when two meanings of a passage can in the least balance our judgment which to prefer, I hold it matter of unquestionable certainty that neither of them is worth a farthing."

So on turning to Mr. Hillhouse's competent edition of *The Tragedy of Tragedies* one is inevitably bound, despite his appreciation of the uses of the work, to imagine Fielding's honest mirth could he behold his own burlesque of scholarly editing solemnly treated to preface and notes replete with parallel passages and editorial opinions, with discussions of date and edition, of sources and imitations and altered versions. There seems, then, a humorous premonition in the concluding sentence to H. Scriblerus Secundus' mock preface:

I have a young Commentator from the University, who is reading over all the modern Tragedies, at Five Shillings a Dozen, and collecting all that they have stole from our Author, which shall shortly be added in an Appendix to this Work.

The Commentator in the present case however, besides reading many tragedies of the species Fielding burlesqued and culling apt parallels for his notes, has set forth in initial chapters the complicated stage history of the play in its earlier and later versions, and of the interpolations and adaptations to which it was subjected. He expounds the nature of Fielding's burlesque of the heroic play—a type of tragedy still popular with the playgoers at that time, though discarded by the playwrights in favor of the classical play. In the mock critical preface and the burlesqued annotations of the longer version of the play, as he shows, Fielding attacks the critics for their mechanical application to tragedy of established rules, in justification of which they resort to the practice and precepts of the ancients. Mr. Hillhouse points out that in such attacks on Dennis, Theobald, Bentley, and other critics, Fielding was following the fashion set by Pope in the *Dunciad*,



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a work which—together with the earlier satire on heroic plays, *The Rehearsal*, and an anonymous pamphlet entitled *A Comment upon the History of Tom Thumb* (1711)—probably served as his model.

Like Professor Cross, Mr. Hillhouse is interested in demolishing the legend of the dissipated Fielding and finds in the careful workmanship of this play evidence "in refutation of the commonly accepted theory that Fielding's youth was woefully misspent in an uninterrupted sowing of wild oats, and that his plays were dashed off over night on stray tobacco wrappers. In the case of this play, at any rate, such a theory cannot stand." The composition of the play meant time and drudgery: "the citations and references with which the notes are thickly scattered are practically all correct." Such accuracy, together with the "careful burlesque of the characters, situations, and diction of tragedy give ground for the assumption that he lavished a great deal of attention on the Tragedy of Tragedies."

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Vol. II. Putnam.

This volume enjoys, like its predecessor, a preponderance of bibliography—some two hundred pages out of a little over six hundred. It is this elaborate feature which has led to publication in three volumes rather than in the two originally designed, and which now brings from the editors an explanation to the effect that the division into volumes is "fortuitous" and not to be taken as offering a "classification of the subject." Book III, thus, begins somewhat past the middle of the present volume, and the line is drawn between Lowell and Whitman, though they were exact contemporaries—Lowell closing the earlier day and Whitman opening the later one. Professor Thorndike of Columbia, on the former, is one of the high successes of the present volume. Antecedent to Lowell we find, among other items, a sharp and clear-seeing chapter on Thoreau; one on Hawthorne, with especial reference to his relations to Emerson; a restrained chapter on Poe; a grateful one on Daniel Webster as a literary man, treated with breadth and simplicity by Senator Lodge, and studies of those two diminishing lights, Longfellow and Whittier. The latter, by Dr. William Morton Payne, is a judicious blend of biography and criticism; it is judicious too in its estimate of Whittier's essential influence on his day and in its observance of the pieties that the reader of the elder generation looks for and likes. Professor Trent, on Longfellow, takes, though with less decisiveness, a not unrelated tone. Among the historians, Prescott and Motley are well represented; Bancroft too, and in a rather better piece of writing. In the field of verse, chapters on the poets of the Civil War, both Northern and Southern, will catch the eye and reward the attention in days when war poetry is strikingly to the fore. The short story, as

a distinctly American development, is presented in its early and middle stages by Professor Pattee; and the volume closes with an entertaining chapter on Books for Children, which runs the gamut from *Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes* to *Huckleberry Finn*.

FORCED MOVEMENTS, TROPISM AND ANIMAL CONDUCT. By Jacques Loeb. Lippincott; Philadelphia.

This is the first of a series of Monographs on Experimental Biology under the editorship of Dr. J. Loeb, Dr. T. H. Morgan, and Dr. W. J. V. Osterhout. The aim is to present the results of recent investigations in a number of subjects now in the foreground of interest among students of biological science. Dr. Loeb's book offers a typical illustration of the application to animal behavior of the methods of investigation employed by modern students of experimental embryology, genetics, and the physiological activities of the body, and these are essentially the methods of the physicist and the chemist. The author says:

Animal conduct is known to many through the romantic tales of popularizers, through the descriptive work of biological observers, or through the attempts of vitalists to show the inadequacy of physical laws for the explanation of life. Since none of these contributions are based upon quantitative experiments, they have led only to speculations, which are generally of an anthropomorphic or of a purely verbalistic character. It is the aim of this monograph to show that the subject of animal conduct can be treated by the quantitative methods of the physicist, and that these methods lead to the forced movement or tropism theory of animal conduct.

For the analysis of animal behavior much importance is attached to this phenomenon of forced movements. Animals with certain unilateral injuries to the brain are no longer able to proceed in a straight line and are compelled to travel toward one side. This is explained as a result of the unequal tension or tonus of the symmetrical muscles on the two sides of the body. The behavior of animals with asymmetrical brain injuries suggests that the movements classed as tropisms are also forced, although in the latter case the turning is temporary, lasting only so long as the two sides of the body are unequally affected by the external stimulus. The term tropism covers a variety of responses of animals and plants in which the organism comes to orient itself in symmetrical relations to some outer stimulating agency. For the explanation of tropisms the symmetry of the body is an important feature. In an insect illuminated more on one side than on the other

the muscles connected with the more strongly illuminated eye are thrown into a stronger tension, and if now impulses for locomotion originate in the central nervous system, they will no longer produce an equal response in the symmetrical muscles, but a stronger one in the muscles turning the head and body of the animal to the

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source of light. The animal will thus be compelled to change the direction of its motion and to turn to the source of light. As soon as the plane of symmetry goes through the source of light, both eyes receive again equal illumination, the tension (or tonus) of symmetrical muscles becomes equal again, and the impulses for locomotion will now produce equal activity in the symmetrical muscles. As a consequence, the animal will move in a straight line to the source of light until some other asymmetrical disturbance once more changes the direction of motion.

This statement embodies the essential features of Loeb's theory of tropisms. With certain modifications the explanation of the orientation of an insect to light may be extended to the phototropism of other animals, and to the tropic responses of organisms to gravity, contact, the electric current, and many other sources of stimuli. Tropisms are thus resolved into reflex acts, or actions essentially reflex in character, which take place as involuntarily as the reaction of a nerve-muscle preparation of an isolated frog's leg.

One of the most important features of the tropisms theory is that it affords a mechanistic explanation of many so-called instincts. Dr. Loeb appears not to be daunted by the wonderful complexity and perfection which instinctive performances sometimes exhibit. In the short chapter on instinct he shows how some relatively simple activities which are commonly described as instinctive may plausibly be resolved into tropisms. But anyone who attempts to prove that instincts in general are "tropistic reactions" has undertaken a large contract, and the reader of the chapter on instinct can scarcely fail to be impressed with the intrepidity with which the author enters upon his task. Dr. Loeb is in the habit of thinking of phenomena in terms of their simplest manifestations, and he has an especial fondness for simple explanations. Despite its apparent shortcomings, his method of procedure may be justified in that it has so often led to significant discoveries; yet one cannot but think that in his unduly simplified treatment of the problem of instinct he has been betrayed into an inadequate analysis by his habitual assumption of the irrelevancy of the complex. Many instincts such as nest building, comb making, cocoon spinning, or orb weaving, are not resolvable into acts which may properly be termed tropisms. Often complex instincts may be analyzed in terms of reflexes to outer stimuli, but in other cases the promptings to action arise from within instead of from without the organism. In either case the behavior may be the expression of the creature's inherited organization quite as much as if it were a mere Cartesian automaton. Doubtless tropisms afford important component factors of instinctive behavior, and they may constitute the phylogenetic roots of elaborate and specialized reactions; but this in no wise justifies us in the conclusion that instincts are properly describable as merely "tropistic responses." They may be mechanistically explicable, but tropisms are not the only types of response into which they may be construed.

The last chapter, *Memory Images and Tropisms*, sets forth a mechanistic interpretation of associative memory and describes the modifications of tropism by memory images. Only a brief excursion is made into the field of the psychology of higher animals and human beings, and that with the purpose of showing the possible application of the tropism theory to human psychology.

THE ENGLISH POETS. Edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward. Vol. V. Browning to Rupert Brooke. Macmillan.

When the four volumes of Ward's English Poets were published in 1880, one might have predicted that a fifth would at some time be necessary; for Tennyson and Browning, Swinburne and Morris, not to mention Matthew Arnold, though they had done almost all the work by which they were to be remembered, were alive and therefore not to be included, and without them the representation of the nineteenth century verse was almost absurdly inadequate. Now, almost forty years later, this necessary volume appears, with every mark of being meant to conclude the series. One may congratulate Mr. Ward on surviving to complete his now classic anthology. He has chosen a fitting point at which to close it; for by the death of Rupert Brooke in 1915 nearly all those who had helped to shape the character of the previous century were available, and Brooke himself, as one complex of the forces that set in with the turn of the new century, was happily qualified to carry on without suggesting any necessary venture into the later field. A great period was rounded out and its sequel hinted at. As you look down the table of contents you miss few names that you would care greatly to have included, and those mostly of Nestors like Austin Dobson. One gap there is however which is startling. By any fair estimate Oscar Wilde should have his place in the list, if only for the Ballad of Reading Gaol. One hopes that his exclusion was due to copyright difficulties and not, as one suspects, to a British sense of decorum, unwilling to revive disquieting memories.

As for the selections by which the various poets are represented, one has to remember that no anthology has ever entirely satisfied readers who have opinions of their own. In the present volume many will be surprised that Stevenson should be allotted nearly twice as much space as George Meredith and more than three times as much as Fitzgerald, who gets less than Thomas Gordon Hale or any one of half a dozen respectables. Many others will feel that to represent Calverley without either *The Cock and the Bull* or *Forever* or the *Ode to Tobacco* is a mockery, as also to print eleven pages of Christina Rossetti with never a one of her thrilling sonnets. Criticism of this kind however is always inevitable and, in this case, has only incidental bearing on the excellence of the anthology as a whole.

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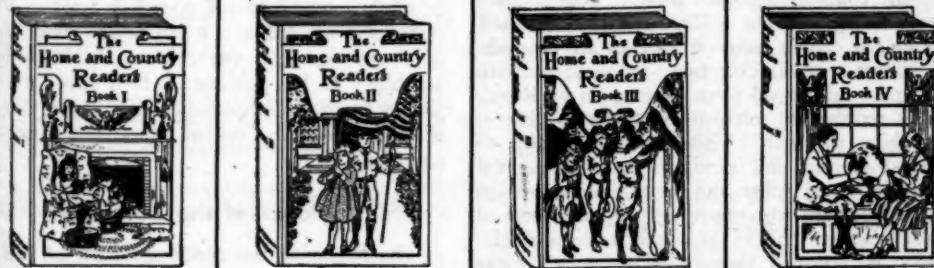
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Besides, one does not turn to this work solely for the poetical extracts. One great value of the original four volumes was in the introductions to the separate parts, themselves an anthology of the most judicious criticism of that day. In this matter the present volume may fairly court comparison with its predecessors. Most of the names, of course, are new; for the forty years that have brought so many poets into the collection have also eliminated many critics. Mr. Ward has survived to continue the tradition, and so has Mr. Gosse; in place of the others we have a new set, among whom may be noted Sir Richard Jebb for Tennyson, Sir Henry Newbolt for Brooke, Professor Mackail for Morris, Thomas Hardy for Barnes, Canon Beeching for Dixon, Charles Whibley for Henley, and John Drinkwater and Aldous Huxley for various poets each. One regrets that some of these should not have been given more scope. No one however is likely to regret the prominence of John Drinkwater, whose critical introductions are among the pleasures of this excellent volume.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind. The Stratford Co.

When President Wilson said that young people, instead of being radical in their views, are inclined to be very conservative, he enlisted what had once been a daring paradox into the ranks of our favorite platitudes. If the statement needed any further proof, one could find plenty in Mr. Schnittkind's latest anthology of our college poets. The 108 poems he has chosen from 96 colleges are old-fashioned almost without exception. Modernity, with the exception of a good piece of imagism by Royall Snow, is represented solely by an odd two-score of poems about the war. These however incline to be Mid-Victorian and sentimental. The lyrical realism of Conrad Aiken and the whimsical realism of T. S. Eliot are represented only by one poem of Stephen Vincent Benét's; the starker realism of Mr. Masters is reflected through a romantic prism. There is hardly anything in the whole volume that could not have appeared—the doubtful assent of the editors being granted—in the first issue of the Harvard Monthly, back in the eighties.

Along with the almost universal conservatism goes a certain technical carelessness. The theory so assiduously spread abroad by Sara Teasdale and H. L. Mencken—that poets are best when young, and require almost no training—has evidently been bearing fruit. One symptom of it is the quantity of free verse written by people who have apparently no idea of the difference between free verse and the sort of stuff that Professor Patterson calls "spaced prose." Another symptom is the number of nursery quatrains. Yet another, the quantity of poems rhymed sloppily. There are two or three sonnets in the collection—sonnets very far from the strict

Italian model—and one ode to Spring, the latter correct enough to have been written by Grey or Collins. For the rest, the verse is loose rather than free. The good workmanship to which Swinburne and Tennyson devoted their lives seems to be an ideal either above or below the majority of these our younger poets.

The blame for a volume of such low standards must rest either with our colleges or with the anthologist. As far as the students go, one can allege the war. Yet the war had little effect—outside of the sentimental—on the young women of our universities, who have always played a large part in the junior poetic movement. One suspects the much-advertised renaissance of poetry. On the other hand, although one has no way of checking up Mr. Schnittkind, and although he is perhaps the only man who has read the magazines of all the 96 colleges represented, one does come to question his work through a knowledge of a few of the student periodicals. The basis of selection is much fairer than in the past two anthologies, yet the anthologist persists in his Braithwaitian love of the sentimental. And there are still curious lacunae. Though the one poem he chose from Yale is excellent, there was much other good verse in the Yale Literary Monthly. The best work of Princeton and Williams and Harvard is hardly represented. At the same time there is much atrocious poetry from the University of Southern California and Agnes Scott College. Perhaps Mr. Schnittkind's choice was geographical rather than literary. If he was hard put to it to make up a book, he might have taken 108 poems by Stephen Vincent Benét and arrived at a much better result than he did. At any rate, one can see little use for the anthology he has published. It is either a libel on the poetry of the American college, or else the poetry of the American college does not deserve an anthology.

Books of the Fortnight

The following list comprises THE DIAL's selection of books recommended among the publications received during the last two weeks:

The Chronicles of America: Dutch and English on the Hudson, by Maud Wilder Goodwin; The Old Northwest, by Frederic Austin Ogg; The Anti-Slavery Crusade, by Jesse Macy; The Cotton Kingdom, by William E. Dodd; The Boss and the Machine, by Samuel P. Orth; The Age of Big Business, by Burton J. Hendrik; The Fathers of New England, by Charles M. Andrews; The Day of the Confederacy, by Nathaniel W. Stephenson; The Old Merchant Marine, by Ralph D. Paine; The Spanish Conquerors, by Irving Berdine Richman. To be complete in 50 vols. 20 vols. ready. Yale University Press.

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William Ellery Leonard

NOTES ON A MIDDLE ENGLISH SCRIBE'S METHODS
Muriel Bothwell Critt

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A Short History of Rome. Vol. II: The Empire from the Death of Caesar to the Fall of the Western Empire, 44 B.C.-476 A.D. By Guglielmo Ferrero and Corrado Barbagallo. 12mo, 516 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Grand Fleet, 1914-1916: Its Creation, Development and Work. By Admiral Viscount Jellicoe. Illustrated, 8vo, 510 pages. George H. Doran Co.

Last and First: Being Two Essays—The New Spirit, and Arthur Hugh Clough. By John Addington Symonds. 12mo, 137 pages. Nicholas L. Brown (New York).

Field and Study. By John Burroughs. Illustrated, 12mo, 337 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. (Boston).

The American Language. By H. L. Mencken. 8vo, 374 pages. Alfred A. Knopf (New York).

Convention and Revolt in Poetry. By John Livingston Lowes. 12mo, 346 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. (Boston).

Dramatic Technique. By George Pierce Baker. 12mo, 531 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. (Boston).

The Living Corpse (Redemption). A drama. By Leo Tolstoi. Translated by Anna Monossoff Evarts. 12mo, 98 pages. Nicholas L. Brown (New York).

Martin Schüler. A novel. By Romer Wilson. 12mo, 313 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Spring Educational List

The following is THE DIAL's selected list of the most notable spring issues and announcements in the theory and practice of education, in science, and in philosophy and religion. Reprints, new editions, new translations, textbooks not of general interest, very technical books, and works of reference have been omitted. The list is compiled from data submitted by the publishers.

Education

Historical Papers of the Late Henry Adams: A Letter to Teachers; Phase, edited by Brooks Adams.—*Educational Psychology,* by Daniel Starch.—*Modern Elementary School Practice,* by George E. Freeland.—*Management of the City School,* by A. C. Perry.—*Vacational Agricultural Education,* by Rufus W. Stimson. (Macmillan Co.)

The Pronunciation of Standard English in America, by George Philip Krapp.—*Modern Punctuation: Its Utilities and Conventions,* by George Summey, Jr. (Oxford University Press.)

Psychology of the Normal and Subnormal, by Henry H. Goddard, illus.—*The Child's Unconscious Mind,* by Wilfred Lay. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Lewis Theobald: His Contribution to English Scholarship, with some unpublished letters, by Richard Foster Jones. (Columbia University Press.)

Educational Experiments, by Evelyn Dewey. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

History of Education, by Charles C. Boyer. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Colleges in War Time and After, by Parke Rexford Kolbe, illus. (D. Appleton & Co.)

The University of Pennsylvania: Franklin's College, by Horace Mather Lippincott, illus. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Mental Hygiene in Childhood, by William A. White. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Science

Medical Contributions to the Study of Evolution, by J. G. Adami, illus.—*Pellagra: A Study of Its Etiology, Pathology and Treatment,* by H. F. Harris, illus.—*Hysterical Disorders of Warfare,* by Lewis R. Yealland. (Macmillan Co.)

A Century of Science in America: With Especial Reference to the American Journal of Science, 1818-1918, illus. (Yale University Press.)

Psychological Principles, by James Ward. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Studies in Electro-Physiology: Animal and Vegetable, by Arthur E. Baines, illus.—*Studies in Electro-Pathology,* by A. White Robertson, illus. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

War Neurosis, by John T. MacCurdy. (Cambridge University Press.)

A Source Book of Biological Nature-Study, by Elliot R. Downing. (University of Chicago Press.)

The Elementary Nervous System, by G. H. Parker. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Aircraft: Its Origin and Its Development in War and Peace, by Evan John David, illus. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Secrets of Animal Life, by J. Arthur Thompson, illus. (Henry Holt & Co.)

The Mason-Wasps, by J. Henri Fabre. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Outlines of Economic Zoology, by Albert M. Reese. (P. Blakiston's Son & Co.)

Philosophy and Religion

Christian Internationalism, by William Pierson Merrill.—*Prophecy and Authority,* by Kemper Fullerton.—*The Coming of the Lord: Will It Be Premillennial?* by James H. Snowden.—*Our Immortality,* by Daniel P. Rhodes. (Macmillan Co.)

History of Religions, by George F. Moore, vol. II.—*Altruism: Its Nature and Varieties,* by George Herbert Palmer.—*Mind and Conduct,* by Henry Rutgers Marshall. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Animism, by George William Gilmore.—*The Mythology of All Races,* vol. XI.—*by Hartley Burr Alexander.* (Marshall Jones Co.)

Moral Values and the Idea of God, by William R. Sorley. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Naturalistic Ethics and Sociology, by Edward Gary Hayes. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Neo-Platonists, by Thomas Whittaker. (Cambridge University Press.)

Religion and Culture, by Frederick Schleiter. (Columbia University Press.)

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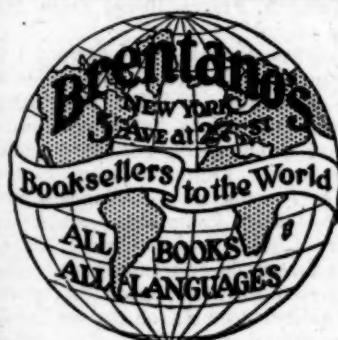
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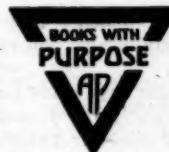
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Current News

Appleton's Annual American Year Book: A Record of Events and Progress for 1918, edited by Francis G. Wickware, is now ready.

The Holt's are to bring out on April 10 Walter Lippman's *The Political Scene: An Essay on the Victory of 1918*.

Charles Edward Russell's *Bolshevism and Our United States* is announced for early issue by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Boni and Liveright have ready for immediate publication Upton Sinclair's *Jimmie Higgins*, an American novel of the war period.

Don Seitz has written introductory comment on the text of *The Tryal of William Penn and William Mead, for Causing a Tumult*, a reprint of which is soon to be put out by Marshall Jones.

The Prang Co. publishes in *The Theory and Practice of Color*, by Bonnie E. Snow and Hugo B. Froehlich, a valuable handbook copiously illustrated with color charts and diagrams.

The Kiltartan Poetry Book: Prose Translations from the Irish, by Lady Gregory, of which the Irish edition was reviewed by Ernest Boyd in the previous issue of *THE DIAL*, has just been imported by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Clarence C. Dill is editor and publisher of a new monthly called *Let the People Vote on War*, of which the first issue is dated March 15. It is published from 1311 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

An autographed edition of Woodrow Wilson's *A History of the American People* has just been issued by Harpers. The edition is in ten volumes, printed on Japanese vellum, illustrated in photogravure, and limited to 400 sets.

The University of Chicago has published, as Number 11 of its Supplementary Educational Monographs, *Educational Legislation and Administration in the State of New York from 1777 to 1850*, by Elsie Garland Hobson.

The library of the Northwestern University Law School has just issued a pamphlet of *Bibliographical Notes on Some Books About Reconstruction*, by Aksel G. S. Josephson, of the John Crerar Library, Chicago.

Richard Aldington, T. S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, Lytton Strachey, Siegfried Sassoon, and some others propose, if properly encouraged, to publish *Art and Letters* as a new and larger quarterly. They ask for 5,000 subscribers at 10/6 a year. The address is 9 Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W. C. 2.

The Newark Free Public Library has prepared the fourth revision of its pamphlet, *A Thousand of the Best Novels*. The criterion of the list is a simple one—"those things which have pleased the most people for the longest time are the better"—and, in full harmony with the vagaries of popular taste, choice ranges from Robert W. Chambers and Myrtle Reed to Galsworthy and Barrie.

The Macmillans have recently added three titles to their *Rural Manuals*: a *Manual of Home-Making*, compiled by Martha van Rensselaer, Flora Rose, and Helen Canon; a *Manual of Tree Diseases*, by W. Howard Rankin; and a *Manual of Vegetable Garden Insects*, by Cyrus Richard Crosby and Mortimer Demarest Leonard.

The Scribner's have now issued the tenth volume (Picts—Sacraments) of their *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, edited by James Hastings, and the second and final volume of the same editor's *Dictionary of the Apostolic Church*. An evaluation of the *Encyclopaedia*, based on Volumes II and VIII, was published in *THE DIAL* of December 28, 1916.

The Putnams have republished, in one volume each, *Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort*, and *Letters of Henry Brevoort to Washington Irving* (together with other unpublished Brevoort papers), both edited by George S. Hellman. The original appearance of these books, in 1915 and 1916 respectively, was in limited editions of two volumes each.

A Trade Union College has been inaugurated in Boston under the auspices of the Central Labor Union. For its first term, April 7 to June 14 of this year, it offers courses in English, Labor Organization, Law, Government, Economics, and Science. The faculty includes Roscoe Pound, Irving Fisher, William Z. Ripley, Felix Frankfurter, R. F. Alfred Hoernle, Horace M. Kallen, Henry W. L. Dana, George Nasmyth, Francis Bowes Sayre, Harold J. Laski, and others.

The American Branch of the Oxford University Press has just published two authoritative and useful works of reference. *Modern Punctuation: Its Utilities and Conventions*, by George Summey, Jr., is exhaustive without being pedantic or impractical, and is generously illustrated from contemporary usage. The *Pronunciation of Standard English in America*, by George Philip Krapp, employs a rather exacting set of symbols, which however make possible a valuable exactitude of transcription. The material is conveniently arranged; the spirit of the rulings is neither dogmatic on the one hand nor too catholic on the other.

Those of us who enjoy seeing ourselves as others see us can find much of interest in *Regis Michaud's Mystiques et Realistes Anglo-Saxons* (Colin, Paris), for of the nine authors considered, only two—Pater and Bernard Shaw—are not American. Naturally the French are interested in Emerson and Whitman; one is pleased to learn that the fame of Henry James and Mark Twain is secure on the Continent; one is perhaps surprised to find Jack London and Upton Sinclair well known there. As a matter of fact, the French know more of us than we expect, and their comments are always engaging, often—as here—valuable.

The Loeb Classical Library has added to its list of very admirable English translations, with the original text on parallel pages, new volumes in each

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Of The Dial, published fortnightly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1919
State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martyn Johnson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that the name of the publication is The Dial and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc. (if a daily paper, the circulation, etc.) of the publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (this information is required from daily publications only):

MARTYN JOHNSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1919.
Edward F. Fox, Notary Public, Bronx County, N. Y.; New York County Clerk, No. 111; New York Register's, No. 1233; Bronx County Clerks, No. 16; Bronx Registers, No. 2117.

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The J. B. Lippincott Co. has just published the second Monograph on Experimental Biology—The Elementary Nervous System, by G. H. Parker, Professor of Zoology at Harvard. The first volume of this series—Forced Movements, Tropisms, and Animal Conduct, by Jacques Loeb—is reviewed in this issue of *THE DIAL* (page 428). To the series the publishers are preparing to add the following volumes: The Nature of Animal Light, by E. Newton Harvey; The Chromosome Theory of Heredity, by T. H. Morgan; Inbreeding and Outbreeding: Their Genetic and Sociological Significance, by E. M. East and D. F. Jones; Pure Line Inheritance, by H. S. Jennings; The Experimental Modification of the Process of Inheritance, by R. Pearl; Localization of Morphogenetic Substances in the Egg, by E. G. Conklin; Tissue Culture, by R. G. Harrison; Permeability and Electrical Conductivity of Living Tissue, by W. J. V. Osterhout; The Equilibrium Between Acids and Bases in Organism and Environment, by L. J. Henderson; Chemical Basis of Growth, by T. B. Robertson; and Coordination in Locomotion, by A. R. Moore.

In their Handbook Series the H. W. Wilson Co., New York, have issued Selected Articles on a League of Nations, compiled by Edith M. Phelps. The selections include several pages from The Structure of Lasting Peace, by H. M. Kallen, which originally appeared in *THE DIAL* (October 25, 1917 to February 18, 1918) and was subsequently published by the Marshall Jones Co. There is a list of organizations devoted to the furtherance of the League idea and a valuable bibliography. Another useful and timely work of reference has been edited by Sir Augustus Oakes and Sir H. Erle Richards—the Great European Treaties of the Nineteenth Century (Oxford University Press). Here the editors have assembled the texts of the important European treaties since the Napoleonic wars, with a running commentary designed to make clear the international situation at the time of each, and a number of maps are included. The Atlantic Monthly Press has imported the Oxford University Press pamphlet The Idea of a League of Nations, by H. G. Wells, and collaborators, who include Viscounts Grey and Bryce, Gilbert Murray, and William Archer.

Contributors

John S. Codman was born in Boston, and was graduated from Harvard in 1890 and from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1893. In connection with his work in engineering he has published numerous technical articles, and he has also contributed to various periodicals articles on economic subjects, especially taxation.

Herbert J. Davenport is a specialist in political economy who has pursued his study in the University of Leipzig and the Ecole des Sciences Politiques. He has been Professor of Economics at Cornell since 1916, and is the author of a number of volumes.

Royal Case Nemiah (Yale: B.A., 1912; Ph.D., 1916) studied at Göttingen in 1913-1914, was Instructor in Greek and Latin at Yale from 1915 to 1918, and is now teaching the classics at the Roxbury School, Cheshire, Connecticut.

Helen Sard Hughes (Ph.D., University of Chicago) was formerly an instructor in English at Wellesley College and is now an Assistant Professor at the University of Montana.

Caroline Pratt founded and has charge of The Play School, New York City. She is a member of the executive council of the Bureau of Municipal Experiments and has done pioneer work on toys as educational material. Miss Pratt is a graduate of Teachers' College of Columbia University, and was formerly a member of the faculty of the Philadelphia Normal School.

Allen Tucker is a painter who has recently been writing prose and verse for the magazines.

David Morton (Vanderbilt University, 1909) teaches history and English in the Morristown, New Jersey, High School.

In compliance with the ruling of the post office *THE DIAL* will henceforth be unable to indicate the prices of books mentioned in the text matter of the issue. This information may be secured from the publishers, whose addresses, unless otherwise specified, may be assumed to be New York. In making inquiries concerning volumes issued by several publishers the reader will probably find it more convenient to write to any of the following booksellers: Paul Elder, San Francisco; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; A. Kroch & Co., 22 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, and Wanamaker's, Brentano's, or Putnam's, and Baker and Taylor, New York City.

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